POEMS

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

LATE POET LAUREAT,

AND REGISTER AND SECRETARY TO THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

VOL. III.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS

OF HIS

LIFE and WRITINGS.

By W. MASON, M.A.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

SECTION the FIRST.

THE ingenious, learned, and amiable man, whoſe writings, either uncollected or unpubliſhed by himſelf, I here form into a third volume of his works; and the Memoirs of whoſe life I think it a duty incumbent on my friendſhip for him to prefix, was born at Cambridge in the beginning of the year 1714-15 *.

* William, ſon of Richard and Mary Whitehead, was baptized Feb. 12, 1714-15.

Regiſter of St. Botolph's Pariſh, Cambridge.

It would be both vain and (in my own opinion) injurious to his memory to conceal that he was of low extraction. Vain, becauſe, according to the licence of the times, the ſecret has been more than once told by thoſe periodical writers, who gain, what they think, a creditable ſubſiſtence by publiſhing the lives of the LIVING; and injurious to his memory, becauſe, whoever raiſes himſelf above his primæval level by laudable and honeſt means, acquires an intrinſic merit which mere anceſtry can never give. Let it then rather be boaſted than whiſpered, that he was the ſon of a baker, Richard Whitehead, who lived in the pariſh of St. Botolph, and who, in that capacity, ſerved the neighbouring college of Pembroke-Hall.

Of this tradeſman, William was the ſecond ſon. John, who was born fifteen years before him, was educated for the church, and by the intereſt of Mr. Bromley, afterwards Lord Montfort, (to whom, I ſuppoſe, his father,

ther, as a freeman of Cambridge, might have been uſeful) obtained the living of Perſhore, in the dioceſe of Worceſter *. A baker having thus beſtowed a liberal education upon two ſons, might lead to an opinion that he had been both induſtrious and ſucceſsful in his occupation; but, on enquiry, I have found the contrary to be the fact, and that he was of a very careleſs diſpoſition, attending little to buſineſs, and employing his time chiefly in ornamenting, rather than cultivating, a few acres of land near the neighbouring village of Grantcheſter, which ſtill goes by the the name of Whitehead's Folly. On his wife,

 therefore,

* I have heard that he alſo had the living of Holt, in the ſame dioceſe; that he married imprudently, and, in conſequence, led a retired life; Mr. Whitehead himſelf informed me, that he ſpent ſome part of his time in his earlier youth with him; but, from his account, I could not find that he was any thing beyond the common run of men. He had alſo one ſiſter, who died in infancy.

therefore, whom my informer deſcribes as a very amiable, prudent, and exemplary woman, devolved almoſt all the care of his buſineſs: This, however, did not prevent her huſband, at his death, from leaving conſiderable debts; to what preciſe amount I have not been able to learn, yet it is certain that my deceaſed friend very honourably diſcharged them all, when he was empowered ſo to do, by the profits ariſing from his theatrical productions This (if we apply the term a little differently from its common acceptation) may be called a rare inſtance of poetical juſtice.

After Mr. Whitehead had received the firſt rudiments of his education at ſome common ſchool in Cambridge, he was removed, at the age of fourteen, to Wincheſter, having obtained a nomination into that college by means of the ſame patron, Mr. Bromley, July 6, 1728.

Of his temper, manners, and literary acquirements at this ſeminary of literature, I have been favoured with the following account, obtained for me by our mutual friend, the learned Dr. Balguy, who, having reſided many years at Wincheſter as a canon of that cathedral, had opportunity of procuring the beſt information concerning him at this period. "He was always of a delicate turn, and though obliged to go to the hills with the other boys, ſpent his time there in reading either plays or poetry; and was alſo particularly fond of the Atalantis, and all other books of private hiſtory or character. He very early exhibited his taſte for poetry; for while other boys were contented with ſhewing up twelve or fourteen lines, he would fill half a ſheet, but always with Engliſh verſe. This Dr. Burton, the maſter, at firſt diſcouraged; but, after ſome time, he was ſo much charmed, that he ſpoke of them with

with rapture. When he was ſixteen he wrote a whole comedy.

" In the winter of the year 1732, he is ſaid to have acted a female part in the Andria, under Dr. Burton's direction. Of this there is ſome doubt; but it is certain that he acted Marcia, in the tragedy of Cato, with much applauſe.

" In the year 1733, the Earl of Peterborough, having Mr. Pope at his houſe near Southampton, carried him to Wincheſter to ſhew him the college, ſchool, &c. The Earl gave ten guineas to be diſpoſed of in prizes amongſt the boys, and Mr. Pope ſet them a ſubject to write upon, viz. PETERBOROUGH. Prizes of a guinea each were given to ſix of the boys, of whom Whitehead was one. The remaining ſum was laid out for other boys in ſubſcriptions to Pine's Horace, then about to be publiſhed." This probably

was

was out of diſtinction to the boys of richer parents, to whom a pecuniary reward might not have been ſo proper. " He never excelled in writing epigrams, nor did he make any conſiderable figure in Latin verſe, tho' he underſtood the claſſics very well, and had a good memory.

" He was, however, employed to tranſlate into Latin the firſt epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man; and the tranſlation is ſtill extant in his own hand. Dobſon's ſucceſs in tranſlating Prior's, Solomon had put this project into Mr. Pope's head, and he ſet various perſons to work upon it.

" His ſchool friendſhips were uſually contracted either with noblemen, or gentlemen of large fortune, ſuch as Lord Drumlanrig, Sir Charles Douglas, Sir Robert Burdett, Mr. Tryon, and Mr. Munday of Leiceſtenham. The choice of theſe perſons was imputed

puted by ſome of his ſchool-fellows to vanity, by others to prudence; but might it not be owing to his delicacy, as this would make him eaſily diſguſted with the coarſer manners of ordinary boys? He was ſchool-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, ſon to the late Earl of Portſmouth, and father to the preſent Earl. He enjoyed, for ſome little time, a lucrative place in the college, that of prepoſter of the hall.

"At the election in September, 1735, he was treated with ſingular injuſtice; for, through the force of ſuperior intereſt, he was placed ſo low on the roll, that it was ſcarce poſſible for him to ſucceed to New College *. Being now ſuperannuate, he left Wincheſter of courſe, deriving no other advantage from the college than a good education: This, however, he had ingenuity enough

* Dr. Young, the Poet, ſeveral years before, experienced the ſame fate; but whether from the ſame cauſe, cannot, perhaps, now be aſcertained.

enough to acknowledge, with gratitude, in a poem prefixed to the ſecond edition of Dr. Louth's life of William of Wickham, and which the reader will alſo find in the ſecond volume of his poems, page 189."

To this account of him, while a ſchool-boy, it may not be amiſs to add ſome illuſtrations of different parts of it, which I am enabled to give from thoſe juvenile MSS. which are now before me.

To the liſt of his ſchool-friends, theſe papers authorize me to add Sir Bryan Broughton, to whom, after the young Baronet removed to Oxford, he ſent a poetical epiſtle from Wincheſter, in which, after owning himſelf uneaſy under his preſent confinement, and deſiring, like a caged bird, to be ſet at liberty, he yet conſoles himſelf with the thought that he ſhould not be proof againſt the dangers to which perſons when newly introduced to the world are expoſed, and com-

pliments his friend in being poſſeſt of more fortitude. This epiſtle, though written, probably, after his being diſappointed of a removal to New College, expreſſes no degree of chagrin, but breathes that ſpirit of contentment in his ſituation, which he retained through life, and which impreſſes ſuch a pleaſing character upon ſeveral of his poetical pieces, where he ſpeaks of himſelf. His prize-verſes, already mentioned, have but little merit, if we deduct from them that of mere eaſy verſification, which he ſeems to have acquired by ſedulouſly imitating Mr. Pope's manner. Neither his fancy nor judgment appear to have riſen, in any degree, equal to what, in common progreſs, might be expected from a mind, which, a very few years after, exhibited both theſe qualities ſo ſtrikingly. His efforts at wit alſo were now equally feeble; and, on the whole, I am led to wonder that his ſchool-maſter ſhould ſpeak of any of his productions with rapture:

rapture; for among the many pieces written at that period, which I have perused, I find only one that seems to indicate the future poet.

This, however, I think, would not have been the case, had he taken the versification of Spenser, Fairfax, Milton, and poets similar to them for his model, rather than the close and condensed couplets of Pope; for, in that way of writing, his fancy would have developed itself earlier, and, perhaps, have obtained greater strength and powers of exertion. But, though he had read Spenser in his childhood with avidity, and was fully capable, as I shall shew presently, of catching his manner, yet the fashion of the time led him to exercise himself in that mode of versification which was then (almost exclusively of all others) esteemed the best: for those writers which may be called of the Italian school, were in no request, as Mr. T. Warton

has well obſerved in the very judicious preface to his late edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton.

This excellent critic, in order to point out the cauſe why thoſe poems were ſo long diſregarded, there ſays, in terms which may ſeverally be applied to the manners of Cowley and Waller, Dryden and Pope, that "wit and rhyme, ſentiment and ſatire, po-"liſhed numbers, ſparkling couplets, and "pointed periods, had long kept undiſturb-"ed poſſeſſion of our poetry, and would not "eaſily give way to fiction and fancy, to "pictureſque deſcription and romantic image-"ry *;" but that, towards the middle of the preſent century, when Milton's Juvenile Poems began "to have their claims to praiſe "adjuſted, and their reputation extended "by ſuch reſpectable names as Jortin, War-"burton,

* See Warton's preface, p. 1.

" burton, and Hurd;" and " while the Pa-
" radiſe Loſt was acquiring more numerous
" readers, the manly melodies of blank
" verſe, which, after its revival by Philips,
" had been long neglected, caught the pub-
" lic ear: And the whole of Milton's works
" aſſociating their reſpective powers as in
" one common intereſt, jointly and recipro-
" cally co-operated in diffuſing and forming
" juſt ideas of a more perfect ſpecies of
" poetry. A viſible revolution ſucceeded in
" the general caſt and character of the na-
" tional compoſition. Our verſification con-
" tracted a new colouring, a new ſtructure,
" and phraſeology, and the ſchool of Milton
" roſe in emulation of the ſchool of Pope *."

It ſo fortuned that Mr. Whitehead began to write verſe juſt before the period here ſpoken of, and had even become an author before Collins, Akenſide, Gray, and ſome others had ſtruck into that ſpecies of compoſition

* See Warton's preface, p. 10.

poſition to which the writer (who, with his brother, was of the ſame ſchool) alludes. This, therefore, accounts for his chuſing to accommodate himſelf to the then general taſte, which, perhaps, had he begun a few years later, he would not have done; but which, at the time, might be perfectly prudent, in order to procure a more favourable reception of his productions. His circumſtances did not permit him to venture on a new experiment at the out-ſet.

That I have given Mr. Whitehead's poetical attempts, while a ſchool-boy, leſs commendation than they ſeem to have had from his maſter, ariſes from a perfect conviction I have in my own mind, that nothing certain of future excellency is to be predicted from the fallacious ſign of early ingenuity. Excluſive, therefore, of that ſincerity of ſentiment which I mean to preſerve in theſe pages, I am the more willing to record what

in

in his caſe I believe to be the fact; becauſe, as the intellectual faculties of every ſort open in different minds at very different periods, ſo it by no means follows, that where they unfold themſelves late, they, on that account, flouriſh leſs vigorouſly. The *Præcox Ingenium*, however it may be admired by fond parents, is generally an untimely ſpring bloſſom, that ſeldom comes to a perfect flower. Swift, as I have been told by a friend, (I know not whether the anecdote be in print) would often purſe up his eye-brows, and, with a look of ironical admiration, aſk "What was be-"come of all the fine boys he had ſeen "formerly?" * We have more reaſon to purſe up

* Were he now alive, I am apt to think he would aſk a ſecond queſtion, "What is become of the race of boys in general?" for he would certainly find few that he could range in that claſs, and this not from any decreaſe of population, but from our improved mode of education, which ſeems chiefly calculated to eradicate that baſhfulneſs which an excellent author juſtly calls "one "of

up our eye-brows at preſent, when we recollect the many wonderful phænomena in every liberal art and ſcience, that have attracted the admiration of thoſe (and many they are) who prefer the marvellous to the natural. Yet, when the moment of wonder is paſt, we have ſeen theſe PRODIGIES abſolutely neglected; and that too very unjuſtly, ſince the neglect, perhaps, was founded on no better reaſon than that they did not proceed, as was expected, in the PRODIGIOUS. I forbear to give inſtances: Every perſon who reflects on the ſubject will produce them from his own recollection, if he reviews the numberleſs caſes, which, in the ſpace of a

" of Nature's ſignatures impreſſed on that age, which " graces the boy, and, in due time, forms the man; in " ſuppreſſing which young virtue, you precipitate indeed " a ſort of manhood, which yet, in effect, is only a per- " petual boyiſm, or rather a portentous mixture of both " ſtates, without the virtues of either." See Hurd's Dialogues, vol. 3. p. 100 and 103, 5th edit. The whole of that fine paſſage, from which theſe paragraphs are taken, is too long for inſertion.

a very few elapſed years, that recollection will furniſh. It would be leſs invidious, and perhaps more pertinent to the preſent ſubject, to review what biography affords us relative to this matter, with reſpect to ſome of our older poets. But if a perſon ſhould attempt this, in order to ſupport the contrary propoſition, viz. that an early appearance of genius leads to a promiſe of ſuperior future excellency, I am afraid he would be obliged to place Shakeſpear behind Cowley, and to give Dryden the loweſt ſeat in his poetical ſynod *; becauſe he, of all others, arrived at his own peculiar powers the lateſt: let it, however, be remembered, that he retained thoſe powers the longeſt.

* Mr. Gray, who admired Dryden almoſt beyond bounds, uſed to ſay of a very juvenile poem of his in Tonſon's Miſcellany, written on the death of Lord Haſtings, that it gave not ſo much as the ſlighteſt promiſe of his future excellency, and ſeemed even to indicate a bad natural ear for verſification. I believe Derrick reprinted this poem in his edition of Dryden.

But to reſume my ſubject, I have ſaid that there was one of his very juvenile productions, in my own opinion, greatly ſuperior to the reſt, and this I think it no diſgrace to his memory, at the cloſe of this ſection, to lay before the reader. I take it from a ſmall MS. collection of his ſchool poems, which, at the time, he thought the beſt worthy of preſervation. As it ſtands firſt in the book, I am inclined to think it was firſt written, but unluckily none of the pieces are dated, ſo that it cannot be ſaid at what preciſe age he compoſed it. The critical reader will find a ſtriking ſimilarity in more than verſification between this poem and Dr. Lowth's verſion of the Apologue of Prodicus, publiſhed by Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis. I have heard that the judgment of Hercules was originally a ſchool exerciſe, though it undoubtedly afterwards received much reviſion, an advantage the other never obtained from its author. I give it, however, (excepting

only

only the change of a few epithets) exactly as I found it. Which of the two were written first by these two contemporary sons of William of Wickham, perhaps there are some of their brethren yet living able to determine. I have only to add, that from this specimen the reader will probably be led to admit, as a truth, what I insinuated in a former page, that if the young poet had cultivated this more free manner of Stanza, he would have excelled in it.

The VISION of SOLOMON *.

I.

'TWAS night, and sleep with gently-waving wand,
Sat softly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
Whose waking nod could Judah's realms command,
Or deal destruction to the frighted foe,

* See 2 Chron. chap. 1. ver. 7—12.

Great David's ſon—But at this tranquil hour,
No dreams of ſtate diſturb'd his peaceful bed,
To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd ſoar,
And brighter viſions hover round his head.
Let meaner kings by mortals guard their ſtate:
Around his ſacred couch aërial legates wait.

II.

" Hail, beſt belov'd"! Superior to the reſt
One bending Angel cry'd with heav'nly voice,
" Earth, ſeas, and air ſtand to thy view confeſt,
" And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
" Chuſe then from theſe—ſay, ſhall thy pow'r extend
" Where ſuns ſcarce warm this earth's remoteſt ſhore?
" Shall India's Lords beneath thy ſceptre bend,

" Whilſt

" Whilſt their black troops ſtand ſilent and adore ?
" To thee, ſole Lord, ſhall earth her ſtores unfold,
" Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame with gold ?

III.

" Shall Ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
" As erſt to Moſes, rang'd in order ſtand,
" While crouds once more admire the floating wall,
" And treaſures open on the glitt'ring ſand ?
" Or ſhall Fame's breath inſpire each ſofter air,
" Thee Juſt and Good to diſtant worlds reſound,
" While Peace, fair goddeſs, leads the ſmiling year,
" Swells the glad grain, and ſpreads the harveſt round,

" Bids

" Bids Jordan's ſtream extend its azure pride,
" Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble
in the tide ?"

IV.

The Cherub ſpoke—when POWER majeſtic
roſe,
A Tyrian tinctur'd robe ſhe dragg'd behind,
Whoſe artful folds at ev'ry turn diſcloſe
Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the
wind.
Gigantic Phantom ! in her face appear'd
Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes ;
Aw'd and amaz'd her very ſmiles we fear'd,
As tho' ſtorms lurk'd beneath the ſmooth
diſguiſe.
But when ſhe frowns, tremendous thunders
roar,
Stern Deſolation reigns, and kingdoms float
in gore.

V. Her

V.

Her WEALTH ſucceeds—and ſcarce his tot-
t'ring head
Suſtains the glitt'ring ore's incumbent weight,
O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments
ſpread,
A well-fix'd ſtaff directs his feeble feet.
Thus mean himſelf appear'd, but all around
What crouds unnumber'd hail the paſſing
ſeer!
POWER, as he came, bow'd lowly to the
ground,
And own'd with rev'rence a ſuperiour there.
" Riſe, David's ſon, thy utmoſt wiſh extend,
" See to thy ſceptre WEALTH, the world's
great monarch, bend."

VI.

FAME next approach'd, whoſe clarion's mar-
tial ſound
Bids conqu'ring laurels flouriſh ever green,

And

And gentle PEACE with olive chaplets crown'd,
And PLENTY goddeſs of the ſylvan ſcene;
Theſe PLEASURE join'd, looſe flow'd her radiant hair,
Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre,
"Come Mirth," ſhe ſung, "your blooming wreaths prepare,
"Come gay Delight, and ever-young Deſire,
"Let days, let years, in downy circles move
"Sacred to ſprightly Joy, and all-ſubduing Love."

VII.

The mingled train advanc'd; to cloſe the rear,
As loſt in thought, appear'd a penſive maid,
Bright was her aſpect, lovely yet ſevere,
In virgin white her decent limbs array'd,
She mov'd in ſober ſtate; on either ſide
A beauteous handmaid friendly aid beſtow'd,

Fair

Fair VIRTUE here, her view from earth to
guide;
There CONTEMPLATION rais'd her golden
rod.
Hail, WISDOM hail! I ſee and bleſs the ſight,
Firſt-born of heav'n, pure ſource of intel-
lectual light.

VIII.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardleſs of the croud,
" Let vulgar ſouls (he cry'd) yon trifles
prize,
" Mortals that dare of mis'ry to be proud.
" Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous
charms,
" Nature's true beauties with more luſtre
ſhine;
" Then take me, WISDOM, take me to thy
arms,
" O ſnatch me from myſelf, and make me
thine.

" All heav'n calls good, or man felicity,
" Peace, Plenty, Health, Content, are all
compriz'd in thee*."

* Had I thought it fair to make more alterations from the MS. than ſuch very trifling ones, as I believed the young author would himſelf have done, if, immediately after he had compoſed it, he had reviſed it for the preſs, I ſhould, in order to make the concluding part of the ſpeech, refer to the preceding viſionary perſonages, have printed the laſt line thus:

Ev'n POWER, and WEALTH, and FAME, are all comprized in thee.

END OF THE FIRST SECTION.

SECTION the SECOND.

MR. Whitehead had not reſided at Wincheſter above two years before his father died: However, by his own frugality, and what ſmall aſſiſtance his mother could give him, whoſe natural fondneſs would undoubtedly prompt her to ſtrain every nerve for his better ſupport, he was enabled to remain at ſchool till he could there appear a candidate for an election to New College. Two months after that cruel diſappointment he removed to the place of his nativity, where the peculiar circumſtance of his being the orphan ſon of a baker of Cambridge, gave him an unexceptionable claim to one of the ſcholarſhips founded at Clare-Hall by Mr. Thomas Pyke, of that trade and town. His mother accordingly admitted him a ſizar in this college, under the tuition of Meſſ.

Curling, Goddard*, and Hopkinſon, Nov. 26, 1735, and this ſcholarſhip, altho' it amounted only to four ſhillings a week, was, in his circumſtances, a deſirable object.

Here, at his firſt coming, the notice which Mr. Pope had taken of him at ſchool, we may well ſuppoſe, would be a circumſtance much in his favour, and prevent the inferiority of his ſtation in college from being any hinderance to his introduction into the beſt company. The eaſe and the natural politeneſs of his manners, added to an agreeable perſon and pleaſing countenance, would alſo, not a little, facilitate his reception. It was likewiſe very fortunate for him, that many perſons, who have ſince figured highly, either in the literary or great world, became

* This Gentleman (who was ſome years afterwards maſter of the college) greatly befriended his pupil; and with him, I am told, that pupil frequently correſponded, when he afterwards made the tour of Italy.

became members of the univerſity, if not in the ſame year, yet ſo near to it, as to render an acquaintance, and even a friendſhip with ſome of them, much more readily formed. A circumſtance, the high conſequence of which will be allowed by all who reflect how fluctuating a body a univerſity is, and with what difficulty a young perſon, who has only his ingenuity to recommend him, can find acceſs to thoſe who are but a few years his ſeniors; but which, in Mr. Whitehead's caſe, will appear to have been moſt peculiarly advantageous, when, among the number of his immediate contemporaries, we find the names of Dr. Powell, Dr. Balguy, Dr. Ogden, Dr. Stebbing, and the preſent Biſhop of Worceſter; with all of whom he contracted an acquaintance, and with many a friendſhip, which death, happening either on the one ſide or the other, alone could diſſolve. Of theſe Gentlemen, as ſome of them are yet living, it would be improper, if not impertinent,

tinent, in me to attempt a character: Yet I cannot help ſeizing ſo favourable an opportunity of introducing a paragraph of gratitude to the memory of Dr. Powell, of whom, a few years after this period, it was my honour and happineſs to become a pupil. But in what I ſay of him, I ſhall take care only to touch on that part of his literary character concerning which, from the principal turn of my own ſtudies, I may be thought the leaſt liable to be miſtaken: If, therefore, reſtraining myſelf to his taſte in works of imagination, I ſhould pronounce it to be as correct as his judgment was, in matters of more abſtruſe ſpeculation, I doubt not but there are judges yet living, capable of deciding on both, who would ſupport my aſſertion. Yet this taſte always appeared to be native and his own: He did not ſeem to have brought it with him from a great ſchool, nor to have been taught it by a celebrated maſter. He never dealt in the indiſcriminate

exclamations

exclamations of *excellent* and *ſublime*; but, if he felt a beauty in an author, was ready with a reaſon why he felt it to be ſuch: A circumſtance, which thoſe perſons, who, with myſelf, attended his lectures on the Poetics of Ariſtotle, will both acknowledge and reflect upon with pleaſure. His idea, however, of dramatic compoſition, it may be imagined, was very different from that which now *paſſes for the beſt*. But I hardly think he would have changed it, in conſequence of all that has been ſince written in reprobation of the unities. For the reſt, let his friend Dr. Balguy be his encomiaſt, who has ſo juſtly ſaid in the advertiſement before thoſe excellent poſthumous diſcourſes of his, which he publiſhed, "that his reputation ſtands upon a much wider bottom, a whole life uniformly devoted to the intereſts of ſound philoſophy and true religion."

The poetical faculties of Mr. Whitehead, on his admiſſion into the univerſity, now began to make a rapid progreſs; and he has himſelf explained the cauſe in the beautiful elegy addreſſed to Dr. Louth, which is prefixed to that prelate's life of William of Wickham; for he there inſinuates, that he thought it rather fortunate than otherwiſe, that he was not removed from Wincheſter to Oxford. But this, not out of any undue preference that he gave to Cambridge as a general ſeminary of learning; but, on account of the literary ſociety, which he chanced to find there; and out of which he formed the friendſhips I have already mentioned. And I have no doubt, (becauſe I have, in ſome ſort, experienced it myſelf) that his converſation with ſuch men, and the ſpur which their example would give to his emulation,

emulation, would do more towards making

In Grantas philoſophic ſhade,
Truth's genuine image beam upon his ſight,
And ſlow-ey'd Reaſon lend his ſober aid
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright,

than any lectures he could attend, or any mode of ſtudy he could be put upon by a college tutor. I would not, however, have it thought that I conceive either of theſe to be without their uſe; I would only affirm that they hold a ſecondary place, when compared with the ſociety of ſuch men, as it was his felicity to find contemporary ſtudents in that univerſity.

The firſt things, however, which he publiſhed, being on a given ſubject, ſuch as the marriage of the Prince of Wales, 1736, and the birth of his ſon, the preſent King, and written merely to be inſerted in the univer-

ſity gratulations, little excel what he wrote at ſchool; and though he printed them in the firſt collection of his poems, publiſhed in 1754, he afterwards, very judiciouſly, expunged them from the ſecond, in two volumes, 1774. And I diſcard the conſideration of them with pleaſure, to come to his beautiful epiſtle ON THE DANGER OF WRITING IN VERSE, with which, according to my judgment, he only firſt commenced a poet. But this exhibited ſuch a ſpecimen of elegant verſification, ſuch cloſe and condenſed expreſſion, ſo much good ſenſe, enlivened with all the fancy the didactic ſpecies of its compoſition would admit, that it obtained general admiration, and, I have been told, was highly approved by Mr. Pope himſelf, of whoſe preceptive manner it is ſurely one of the moſt happy imitations extant. This poem was ſoon followed by one of a very different nature, a pleaſing and pathetic tale taken from Herodotus, in which with equal judgment

ment, though I think not with equal force, he copied the narrative ſtyle of Dryden in his fables. His next publication was an epiſtle, in the manner of Ovid, from Ann Boleyn, in the tower, to King Henry the Eighth, in which, though he made a judicious uſe of the Queen's original letter, and, in his own additions, preſerved a true characteriſtic unity with it, yet it cannot, with juſtice, be ranked high amongſt the numerous productions of this nature. For the truth is, Mr. Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard is ſuch a *chef d'oeuvre*, that nothing of the kind can be reliſhed after it. Yet it is not the ſtory itſelf, nor the ſympathy it excites in us, as Dr. Johnſon would have us think, that conſtitutes the principal merit of that incomparable poem. It is the happy uſe he has made of the monaſtic gloom of the paraclete, and of what I will call papiſtical machinery, which gives it its capital charm; ſo that I am almoſt inclined to wonder (if I

could wonder at any of that writer's criticiſms) that he did not take notice of this beauty, as his own ſuperſtitious turn certainly muſt have given him more than a ſufficient reliſh for it.

For my own part, I have but little notion how either the ſtory or the perſonages are calculated to intereſt us of themſelves, eſpecially the ſtory, when the principal circumſtance of diſtreſs required the moſt conſummate art of the poet to touch upon it without exciting ridicule. Mr. Pope's judicious choice of the ſubject can therefore only be inferred from his own judicious execution of it. This is indeed wonderful; yet, while I admire his art as a poet, I am ſorry to find him exceptionable as a moraliſt: There are many paſſages in the epiſtle which tend to miſlead young minds, actuated uſually by ſtrong paſſions, and which by no means will ſuffer us to agree with the Doctor, that Abe-

lard

lard and Eloiſa (the latter eſpecially) *found quiet and conſolation in retirement and piety.*

The next poem which Mr. Whitehead publiſhed was his ESSAY ON RIDICULE, and that only two years after his firſt production. This is a ſtudied performance, the parts of it put together with much care, and that chain of reaſoning preſerved in it, which the ſubject ſeemed to demand. His own natural candor led him to admit the uſe of this excellent (though frequently miſdirected) weapon of the mind with more reſtrictions, than, perhaps, any perſon will ſubmit to, who has the power of employing it ſucceſsfully. And it is very remarkable, though, perhaps, known only to the few who may have examined his writings with the ſame care I have done, that this candor of his prompted him to expunge, in his laſt edition, ſome lines at the concluſion of the poem, which he thought authoriſed too free

a uſe of this talent. In its firſt ſtate he had, indeed, neither mentioned the name of Swift nor of Pope; from which omiſſion we may conclude, that he did not think either of them had employed it with ſufficient reſerve: Yet he had there held Lucian, Cervantes, and Addiſon as legitimate models. But I find, in the laſt edition, the palm of juſt ridicule given to Addiſon alone. I enter not into any argument concerning the propriety or impropriety of ſo doing. I only mention the fact.

The publication of this poem was ſoon after followed by a ſhort epiſtle to the Earl of Aſhburnham, on NOBILITY, written alſo in happy imitation of Mr. Pope's manner. But this, for what reaſon I know not, he did not inſert in either of the editions of his works; and, therefore, I am ſilent concerning it. It leads me, however, to mention, to his honour, that by this Earl, then a ſtudent at Clare-Hall,

by

by the honourable Mr. Charles, ſecond ſon of the late Lord Townſhend, then of the ſame ſociety, ſome years his junior, and by many other perſons of rank in the univerſity, he was held in a higher light than that of a common acquaintance. How much he thought Mr. C. Townſhend his friend, and how much he felt himſelf to be that Gentleman's, appears ſtrongly in two elegant epiſtolary poems *, which he addreſſed to him, after he had removed to Town, and while Mr. Townſhend ſtill remained at Clare-Hall. But I have reaſon to believe, that when he too had quitted college, and began to figure in the world, which he very ſoon did, as a ſtateſman, that friendſhip ſoon found its concluſion in a reciprocal inattention to one another. It is eaſy, however, to imagine on which ſide it would firſt ſhew itſelf.

* See page 171 and 173, vol. ii.

I have often ſuſpected, that the loſs of certain friendſhips of this kind led him to write, ſeveral years afterwards, that poem upon the ſubject *, which is certainly one of his beſt and moſt finiſhed compoſitions. I ſpeak not here merely my own opinion, but that of Mr. Gray, who, when I was permitted by the author, at my own requeſt, to ſhew it to him in manuſcript, gave it, in point of poetry, higher commendations than ever I heard him give on a ſimilar occaſion; yet, at the ſame time, he as much diſapproved the general ſentiment which it conveyed, for he ſaid it would furniſh the unfeeling and capricious with apologies for their defects; that it ought to be intitled a Satire on Friendſhip, and much more to the ſame purpoſe. I took the liberty, (which I knew his innate good temper would permit me to do) to repeat this to Mr. Whitehead, who, in conſequence, made a conſiderable addition to

* See page 129, vol. ii.

to the concluding part of the piece. Still, however, as the exceptionable ſtanzas remained, which contained an apology for what Mr. Gray thought no apology ought to be made, he continued unſatisfied, and perſiſted in ſaying, that it had a bad tendency; and the more ſo, becauſe the ſentiments which he thought objectionable were ſo poetically and finely expreſſed I give this anecdote rather out of place; but as it paints ſtrongly the different tempers of my two friends, and yet puts them both in what I think an amiable point of view, I am not willing to expunge it. To think and write with ſo much candour and complacency on the ſubject of diſſolved friendſhip, when by it he had found himſelf ſo much a ſufferer, indicates the great placability of Mr. Whitehead's diſpoſition; to think him blameable for ſo doing, ſhews the ſtrict moral feelings of Mr. Gray.

The majority, however, of his earlier friends continued, as I have ſaid, ſuch through life. Two of theſe, though leſs known to the world in general, muſt not be here unnoticed: The one, Mr. Wright, a Clergyman of good private fortune in Derbyſhire, and Rector of Birkin in Yorkſhire, of which he is alſo Patron; he was, by the preſent Duke of Devonſhire's Grandfather, made Chaplain to the late King; and, therefore, to uſe a term of honour in the city, may be called the Father of the Chaplains' Table, having been enrolled in the court liſt more than forty years. With this Gentleman Mr. Whitehead ſpent ſeveral of his college vacations, and addreſſed to him many of thoſe ſmaller poems, which are inſerted in his ſecond volume, particularly that pleaſing apology for what his friend thought a dependent ſtate *. The other was Mr. Sanderſon, a Clergyman alſo of a very eaſy private

* See page 192, vol. ii.

private fortune, who never, I believe, accepted any church preferment. He lived the earlier part of his life in Town, and was then the conſtant coffee-houſe companion of his friend. Afterwards marrying a lady of fortune at Haſlemere, he retired thither, and there died. He is the perſon to whom the epiſtle, which Mr. Whitehead ſent from Rome, with the medal of Marcus Aurelius, is addreſſed *.

But returning to that part of Mr. Whitehead's life, which I would include in this ſection, I have only to add, that, during the time of his being an undergraduate, he lived a very ſtudious life, obſerving the ſtricteſt frugality poſſible, that he might be the leſs burthenſome to an affectionate mother; and that, after taking a creditable degree, and being emancipated from thoſe mathematical ſtudies, for which young men, of his tribe, ſeldom have much reliſh, he wrote, and as we

* Sée page 216, vol. ii.

have ſeen, rapidly, though not careleſsly, for the preſs; this rapidity of publication, as it did not continue through life, I am inclined to think, aroſe, at the time, rather from a laudable deſire of ſelf-maintenance, than any undue eagerneſs for poetical fame.

In June, 1742, and about a year before he commenced maſter of arts, the ſociety of Clare-Hall did him and themſelves the mutual honour of electing him Fellow of that College. His mother dying the April before, had not the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her ſon thus fixed in a ſituation which was probably the height of her natural ambition. Yet his irreproachable conduct, as a collegiate; his great proficiency, as a ſcholar; and his riſing reputation, as a poet, muſt have ſufficiently removed her fears concerning his certain advancement. To her, and indeed to both his parents, he

ſeems

ſeems always to have born the trueſt filial affection; which he not only finely, but feelingly expreſſes, in the firſt of thoſe epiſtolary poems to Mr. C. Townſhend, that I have already mentioned: And I find amongſt his juvenile verſes, (and that too the ſecond in the collection, which leads me to imagine it was written very early) a poetical addreſs to his mother on her birth-day, which, for the tender ſentiments it breathes, I am tempted to inſert, at the concluſion of this ſection, owning, however, that I have taken the liberty to alter two or three epithets in it, which were boyiſh and unappropriate; and, after this, ſhould any reader think the whole too little above mediocrity to deſerve inſertion, let my anſwer be, that I am more ſedulous of placing his moral than his poetical qualities in their true and pleaſing light. Beſides, it affords the lovers of anecdote, (amongſt whom thoſe of the fair ſex are by no means

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an inconſiderable number) an example worthy of their imitation, a mother who impreſſed upon her ſon that early ſenſe of a God and a providence, which he retained through life.

VERSES to his MOTHER.

E'er yet to heav'n my infant thought could reach,
E'er praiſe its Maker by the powers of ſpeech,
Taught by thy care, by thy example mov'd,
I rais'd my waking eyes, ador'd, and lov'd.
For life, and this my more than life, receive
That poor return which I with bluſhes give,
For ah, the trifling tribute of a lay
Is all my humble gratitude can pay!
Hear then my fervent wiſh, tho' cloath'd in ſong,
(Ye powers confirm it, e'er it quit my tongue!)
From this bleſt day, may fate propitious ſhine,
Each earthly bliſs, that heav'n calls good, be thine,

May

May adverſe clouds, like empty miſts decay,
And time declining ſhed a purer ray,
To gild the evening of thy well-ſpent day.
And when (yet ne'er let that ſad hour appear,
While my poor breaſt draws in this vital air)
Thy fainting frame ſinks on the bed of death,
May no ſharp pangs attend thy fleeting breath;
No care on care, like reſtleſs billows roll,
To break the calm of thy departing ſoul.
Full in thy ſight, let choirs of angels ſpread
Their radiant plumes, and hover round thy head:

Then,

Then, one ſoft ſigh thy iſſuing ſoul convey
(While thy great loſs and mine points out
the way*)
To ſcenes of bliſs, and realms of endleſs
day.

* This line, as I think, alludes to the *recent* loſs of his father, that loſs being only parenthetically touched upon, from a delicate apprehenſion, as it ſhould ſeem, of too much affecting his ſurviving parent. If this ſuppoſition be admitted, the author's age, when he wrote it, could not have exceeded fifteen or ſixteen years. I need not hint to the poetical reader, that he ſeems to have had Mr. Pope's verſes to Mrs. Martha Blount, on her birth-day, in his eye, when he wrote this little poem: His imitation, however, is by no means ſervile.

END OF THE SECOND SECTION.

SECTION the THIRD.

POSSESSED of a fellowſhip, it was now Mr. Whitehead's immediate intention to take orders; and that he had always meant to do ſo, appears from a MS. poem before me, addreſſed to his friend Mr. Stebbing, written, apparently, while he was but young in the college, which, though not on the whole perfect enough for publication, contains ſome well-turned and humorous lines relative to this point, which, on that account, I ſhall here extract from it.

* * *

O ever mine! whate'er my fate portends
Of abſence, paſſions, buſineſs, fortune, friends;
Whether in wide-ſpread ſcarf, and ruſtling gown,
My borrow'd rhet'rick ſooths the ſaints in town,

Or makes in country pews ſoft matrons weep,
Gay damſels ſmile, and tir'd churchwardens
ſleep.
Whether, to eaſe conſign'd, my future day,
One downy circle, ſportive rolls away;
Or deep in Cambria, or the wilds of Kent,
I drag out life, and learn from ills content:
Still be thy friendſhip like a genius there,
Zeſt of the joy, and ſolace of the care *.

* * *

But at this time a circumſtance occurred which led him to defer putting this deſign in practice,

* I find alſo a ſermon among his MSS. apparently prepared for the pulpit, for even the prefatory collect is tranſcribed before it. It does not appear, however, to be borrowed *rhetoric*, or indeed in any ſort rhetorical, if we uſe the term in the uſual ill ſenſe of it; but is written in a plain, clear, and unornamented ſtyle, ſuch as might be expected from a man, whoſe judgment was too correct to give any ſpecies of compoſition, which he exerciſed himſelf in, graces foreign to it.

practice, and, in the end, occaſioned his relinquiſhing the idea entirely. The late Earl of Jerſey was making enquiries after a proper perſon to take the private tuition of his ſecond ſon, now become his only hope, from the death of his elder brother; on which account, probably, he durſt not truſt him to the dangers of a public education, as his conſtitution appeared to be very delicate. Fortunately for the young Viſcount, Mr. Whitehead was recommended to his father by Mr. Commiſſary Graves, as a perſon fitly qualified for this important charge. His recommendation was ſucceſsful; and Mr. Whitehead, when the offer was made him, did not heſitate to accept it. Indeed, the refuſal in his circumſtances, when his fellowſhip would not neceſſarily be vacated by it, and when he could then only have an added curacy in immediate expectation, muſt have been highly imprudent; he therefore, in the ſummer of 1745, removed to the Earl's

houſe in Town, where he was placed upon the moſt liberal footing, and had a very convenient apartment fitted up for him contiguous to that of his Noble pupil; to his care of whom was alſo added that of a young friend of the family, now General Stevens *, the Earl thinking, that if his ſon had a companion in his ſtudies, it might be a ſpur to his emulation, and remove, at leaſt in ſome degree, one diſadvantage, which, though perhaps, without ſufficient ground, is placed, by the advocates of public ſchools, to the account of a private education, in every diſpute on that moſt diſputable of all queſtions; a queſtion which, I ſuſpect, will never be ſettled, as the preference of one to the other muſt depend on

* This Gentleman, he, ſome years before his death, by will, appointed his executor; and it is by his communication of the MSS. found ſince his deceaſe, and the obliging confidence he has placed in me, as believing I ſhall make no improper uſe of them, that I have been enabled to trace his growing abilities from their earlieſt exertion.

on the different tempers, conſtitutions, and natural parts of the ſeveral boys to be educated. Concerning all which, (except, perhaps, their conſtitutions) parents, of all others, being the worſt judges, it ſeldom happens that they make the right choice whenever their neceſſities call upon them to fix upon either.

Mr. Whitehead, thus placed ſo much to his ſatisfaction in Town, with a pupil too young to employ the whole of his time, but who daily grew upon his affections by the gentleneſs and docility of his diſpoſition, had many intervals of leiſure for his own favourite ſtudies: But the ready acceſs he now had to the theatre, and the evening amuſement which that afforded, ſoon led his genius to turn itſelf almoſt entirely to the drama. We have ſeen, in the firſt ſection, that he ſhewed an early talent, not only for writing in that way, but for acting: And I

find,

find, among his MSS. a little ballad farce, which he wrote immediately on his coming to Town, intituled, The Edinburgh Ball, in which the young Pretender (with Mr. Boſwell's leave let me ſo call him) makes, I will not ſay the principal perſonage, becauſe he runs away before the farce is finiſhed, but the perſon on whom the principal buſineſs of the piece turns. I cannot ſay much in commendation of this *Jeu d'Eſprit*, but there are ſome ludicrous ſongs in it; and, I ſuppoſe, had he brought it on at the moment, it might it have had a run; but this more from the effect of a well-timed ſubject, than any intrinſic merit in the thing itſelf. I, therefore, merely mention it to ſhew how much he loved to amuſe himſelf with theatrical compoſitions. But he ſoon attempted higher things, and began a regular tragedy, which, though written about this time, was not produced on the ſtage till the year 1750, in which interval he wrote alſo an elegantly turn-

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ed compliment to Dr. Hoadley, on his comedy of the Suſpicious Huſband, and one ſtill more happily conceived and executed to Mr. Garrick, on his becoming joint patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre. It may well be ſuppoſed, that this poetical incenſe, offered from a ſincere votary to his merits, (though not offered excluſively) would greatly diſpoſe the patentee to a more ready reception of the ROMAN FATHER.

This piece (which continues ſtill to be what the actors call a ſtock play) has been ſo frequently exhibited with applauſe, and has ſhewn ſo many actors and actreſſes to advantage, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay any thing more concerning it, than that it ſurely is a great improvement on one of the great Corneille's beſt tragedies. Yet it is an improvement only: The radical defect of the ſtory is not abſolutely removed; and after the Curiatii are killed, the fable ſtill drags,

not

not indeed in any degree as it does in the French Tragedy, yet ſtill it drags. With reſpect to the unity of action and of time, (for I cannot help criticiſing it according to what the generality will think my own prejudices) the piece is perfect: but with reſpect to the unity of place, it is unneceſſarily defective. In point of character, there is a variety and diſcrimination truly laudable; and in point of ſtyle, conſidered only with reſpect to its effect upon the ſtage, it is well calculated for the actor's delivery. It certainly, however, is not elevated enough to pleaſe in the cloſet, and is therefore beſt criticiſed by the following idea of that exquiſite judge, M. de Voltaire. "I publiſh," ſays he, in the preface to his ſecond tragedy, Mariamne, "this edition with "ſome dread. I have ſeen ſo many the-"atrical pieces applauded on the theatre, "which have afterwards been deſpiſed by "the reader, that I cannot help fearing that "this may undergo the ſame fate. One or

"two

" two ſtriking ſituations, the ſkill of the " actors, and the natural conduct of the " whole, have made it go off with applauſe " in the repreſentation; but to ſupport it- " ſelf at the grand day of publication re- " quires a very different kind of merit. " The regularity of its conſtruction," he is here ſpeaking to his own nation, " and even " the power which it poſſeſſes over the paſſions, will then ſtand it but in little " ſtead. Every compoſition in verſe, what- " ever other beauties it may have, muſt, of " neceſſity, be tedious, if it has not thoſe " which peculiarly belong to verſe; if it has " not in every line a due force and harmony; " if it does not preſerve a continued ele- " gance; if the poem exhibit not that inex- " preſſible charm of poetry which genius " alone can give it, and which the under- " ſtanding cannot ever, by itſelf, attain to; " and concerning which we have reaſoned " ſo ill, and ſo uſeleſsly ſince the time of

" M. Boileau." He then goes on to prove this truth by a matter of fact, and cites the two Phædras written by Pradon and Racine, which, in the repreſentation, were equally applauded, as the ſtory was told by both authors much in the ſame way. Yet, when they came to be publiſhed, Pradon's fell into immediate contempt, while Racine's continues famous to this day: An effect which the judicious writer juſtly attributes to the care and pains which the latter took, for two whole years, to poliſh his piece; while Pradon boaſted that he had begun and finiſhed his in the ſpace of leſs than three months.—And let it not be thought, that what is requiſite to the perfection of the French tragic ſtyle, is leſs ſo to that of the Engliſh; or that I ſuppoſe the inexpreſſible charm of poetry, which this author here mentions, to be in any ſort analogous to that of the pure deſcriptive kind. There are different poetical exertions peculiarly appropriated

priated to every different ſpecies of poetical compoſition; but to the drama ſurely belong all the following: A fluent and well-cadenced verſification, with a variety of pauſe, as ſedulouſly ſtudied as in that ſpecies of blank verſe which is employed in the beſt deſcriptive poetry: For though, by the frequent admiſſion of eleven-ſyllabled lines, the tragic ſtyle obtains a ſuperior degree of freedom, yet diverſified pauſes are as eſſential to this as to the other; and though, as being calculated for recitation, it may take greater liberties in point of accentuation, yet a general rhythm, and the laws on which it is founded, ſhould never be enfringed, except for the ſake of peculiar energy. Again, the tragic ſtyle admits, nay, I think, demands the uſe of ſtrong images, metaphors and figures; it cannot, indeed, be truly impaſſioned without them; and while it diſcards unmeaning epithets, ſhould be liberal of thoſe that add force and vigour to the ſentiment. Shakeſpeare, I am ſure, gives full authority

to this, as well as to the former aſſertion. We can hardly turn to a ſingle paſſage among that infinite number, which, in his works, we pronounce ſuperlatively fine, that is not even crouded with them: And yet, while the application of two together, to one and the ſame ſubſtantive, is among the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of this great maſter's phraſeology, it has, of late, become a faſhion to decry the uſe of epithets entirely. Similes, indeed, unleſs expreſſed with extreme conciſeneſs, have been juſtly reprobated; but, of ſimiles thus expreſſed, no more copious fund is to be met with than in the works of this poet. When "*pure Deſcription holds the place of ſenſe*," and, what is worſe, of paſſion, it is, indeed, of all other things, the moſt abhorrent to the genius of dramatic language; and when Sentiment too is not conveyed in a condenſed energy of phraſe, it tends greatly to diſguſt, not only the ſpectator, but the reader. Yet, on theſe accounts, to extermi-

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nate either the one or the other, is what no true critic would attempt.

I have expatiated thus largely on the tragic ſtyle, becauſe ſo much falſe criticiſm has, of late years, been thrown out upon it. I wiſhed, alſo, to diſtinguiſh between dramatic verſe, and that other ſpecies, which is employed either in narrative or preceptive poetry. With the generality, theſe two kinds go under one name, and are thought to be the ſame thing, though they differ, perhaps, in more points between themſelves, than they do in common with rhyme. Yet this difference was ſo little known to our late Arch-Critic, that when he wrote his Irene, (which no art, either at firſt or afterwards uſed, could make endurable, either on the ſtage or in the cloſet) he hardly ever introduced a ſingle pauſe in the middle of a line, except, indeed, when the ſpeech happened to end in the hemiſtich. This it is (excluſive of other

defects)

defects) which makes it ſo totally unfit for declamation, and ſo inſufferable to a good ear in private reading. And yet, if you examine the lines ſeparately, you ſhall find them iambically juſt and duly accented. But this, as I have already ſaid, cannot conſtitute harmony in blank verſe, how much nearer ſoever it may go towards it in rhyme. In the former, the harmony never reſults from lines, but paſſages, and theſe of very unequal extent. In the latter, it is uſually, as in Pope's verſification, completed in a ſingle couplet, or (as ſometimes in Dryden's) in the middle of the third line. Yet, in compariſon of blank verſe, this licence (if what is a beauty may be called ſo) is uſed even by him but ſparingly. Of all this I cannot help ſuppoſing the Doctor, through life, very ignorant; and, therefore, ſucceeding ſo ill as he did in this ſpecies of verſification, I am apt to think that he was thence led to decry blank verſe in the lump. However, ſince his rage againſt

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it did not ſpur him on to recommend tragedies written in rhyme, it does not ſeem here out of place to advert to the beſt manner of forming it for the uſe of the ſtage, and for the practice of thoſe dramatic poets who do not wiſh to confine their works to the ſtage alone. We are ſure that a ſtyle may be produced, which will pleaſe both there and in the cloſet; and that to do the latter will not prejudice the former, becauſe Shakeſpeare, and ſome of our beſt older dramatiſts, have ſucceeded in both places equally. Yet the friend, whoſe memoirs I now reſume, though he put as a high value as I do upon theſe writers, did not chuſe to follow their example. He wrote with a view to ſcenical effect only; and, indeed, if he had done otherwiſe, his then Virgin Muſe would ſcarcely have been ſo favourably received as ſhe was by Mr. Garrick, who at that time, in the meridian of his fame as an actor, and of his power as a manager, was ſufficiently deſpotic, to refuſe admiſſion upon

upon the ſtage to any performance in which he could not diſplay his principal, and almoſt unrivalled merits, the expreſſion of ſtrong, but ſudden effects of paſſion; for, conſcious of his peculiar ſtrength, he was rather pleaſed to elevate, by his own theatrical powers, feeble diction and ſentiment, than to expreſs that in which the poet might be naturally ſuppoſed to have a ſhare in the applauſe: And ſo much perſuaded am I of his foible in this point, that I believe, had Shakeſpeare been alive, and had produced his Hamlet to Mr. Garrick, preciſely in the ſame circumſtances that Mr. Whitehead did the tragedy in queſtion, few ſoliloquies (which, when he acted the Hamlet of a dead Shakeſpeare, he was obliged to retain) would have been admitted by him without the moſt licentious pruning. For though no man did more to correct the vicious taſte of the preceding age in theatrical declamation than he did, ſo far, indeed, as to change the mode almoſt entirely, yet this was not his principal

cipal excellence, and he knew it, and therefore diſliked to perform any part whatever, where expreſſion of countenance was not more neceſſary than recitation of ſentiment.

To humour his inclination in this point, it was not poſſible for Mr. Garrick to have found a poet more complying than Mr. Whitehead; for, though the latter perfectly knew what belonged to his own province as a dramatic writer, he held that of an actor in ſo much higher eſtimation (where his own character only was concerned) that he was ever ready to alter or expunge any thing that might promote ſtage effect, even at the riſque of hurting his own compoſition; and I remember thinking, when I ſaw the tragedy firſt in print, that it had not a little ſuffered in this point, for as a few years before this time, my acquaintance with its author had

commenced, he had favoured me with a perusal of it in MS. However this be, it is certain that Mr. Garrick figured as much in the character of Horatius, as in any other modern tragedy which he ever condescended to act a part in during his theatrical reign; and the author received a share, both of praise and of profit, amply sufficient to induce him to proceed as a dramatic writer; he therefore formed several plans of the tragic kind, of which I shall hereafter give an account, and proceeded upon one of them, which four years afterwards he produced on the same stage, under the title of CREÜSA, QUEEN OF ATHENS.

But as it is my wish to take notice of the principal pieces of poetry which he composed, as nearly as I can, in the order of time in which he published them, I must here give some account of a poem essentially different, in point of style and manner, from any of his other productions. This is his HYMN to the NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING, printed the year after

after the repreſentation of the Roman Father, and written in the manner of thoſe claſſical addreſſes to heathen divinities, of which the hymns of Homer and Callimachus are the architypes. The frequent ſummer excurſions which he made to Briſtol with the Earl of Jerſey and his lady, on account of their health, furniſhed him with the ſubject, and the tranſlations of Prior, as well as the poems of Armſtrong and Akenſide, juſt then in pretty general eſtimation, directed his taſte to the manner in which that ſubject might beſt be treated. He had, I believe, before executed the little fanciful burleſque poem in blank verſe, intituled the SWEEPERS, which, as it has leſs of parody, (the pooreſt ſpecies of wit) and more of invention (one of the firſt merits of poetry) than the ſplendid ſhilling of John Philips, would, perhaps, have obtained much more applauſe than it hitherto has done, had the taſte of the generality of readers been founded more on their

own feelings than on mere preſcription and authority. However, I may boldly aſſert, that, both in this ludicrous and the other ſerious poem, he ſhewed himſelf poſſeſt of an ear well attuned to that variety of pauſe and of cadence, which, as I ſaid before, are as eſſential to the ſtructure of blank verſe, as rhyme itſelf is to that ſpecies of heroic numbers to which it gives its name.

Few of our Engliſh poets have, indeed, tried their abilities in more various ſtyles of compoſition than Mr. Whitehead, or in more different modes of verſification: And even thoſe perſons, who may think that he has been excelled by preceding poets in moſt of thoſe ſpecies ſeparately, will find it difficult to produce an inſtance of one who wrote ſo well in them all collectively: And this leads me to advert again to thoſe charming ſtanzas which he wrote preciſely at this time, (1751) to a friend who had blamed

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him for leading what that friend deemed a dependent life, and for not taking orders, or entering upon ſome ſtated profeſſion. The conduct of their author, five years before, had, indeed, afforded a plea for this expoſtulation; as he had reſigned his fellowſhip, (Michaelmas, 1746) about a year after he had become one of Lord Jerſey's family; and this, in compliance with the Earl's inclination, who wiſhed him, while he continued in it, not to take orders, which the ſtatutes of Clare-Hall would have obliged him to do. He had, therefore, thrown up that certain proſpect of a future eccleſiaſtical benefice, which, in courſe, becomes the option of every clerical fellow of a college. The verſes in queſtion contain his own vindication, and they are written with all the careleſs eaſe, but with more of elegance, than we uſually find in ſimilar proluſions of Prior. I dwell with the more pleaſure on this delicate poem, becauſe it paints, in ſuch amiable colours, the cha-

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racter and feelings of the writer, which, with me, and the reſt of thoſe friends who had the happineſs to be intimate with him, gives it a charm ſuperior even to the ſingular felicity of its diction. Yet, ſurely, this latter quality muſt ever ſecure it the approbation of all thoſe readers who can admire pleaſing ſentiments expreſſed with the pureſt ſimplicity.

Many other little epiſtolary compoſitions flowed, with equal eaſe, from his pen at this period, ſuch as the epiſtle to Mr. Cambridge; that to Dr. Hoadley, in praiſe of his comedy, intituled, The Suſpicious Huſband; and ſome tales in the manner of Fontaine and Gay.

To theſe, when he firſt collected his works into one volume, and printed them in 1754, he added ſeveral other agreeable trifles, written much earlier for the amuſement of ſome particular

cular friends; but I think injudiciouſly, conſidering the taſte of the preſent age, which ſeems to have increaſed in faſtidiouſneſs, in proportion as it has diminiſhed in that accuracy of judgment, which appreciates different degrees of merit, which diſcriminates between one ſort of compoſition and another, marks their ſpecific differences, and candidly concludes, that whatever poſſeſſes the beauties that intrinſically belong to it, ought to receive the applauſe which, on that account ſingly, it may claim as its due *. The *Gout de Comparaiſon*, as Bruyere ſtyles it, ſeems now too much to prevail, and general applauſe, or general cenſure, only is given to writers by minds incapable of deſcending to particular criticiſms, and, on that account, deſirous of cloaking their incapacity with the appearances

* See Mr. Gray's ſtricture on this mode of criticiſm, which I have inſerted in my concluding note upon his ſixth Ode.

pearances of diſdain. I ſay not this, however, with a view of defending Mr. Whitehead for ſuffering ſo many of his ſlighter compoſitions to appear before the world in a regular edition of his works. He certainly would have done better had he confined them, as *Vers de Societè*, to the Societies they were written to amuſe. Yet, that he let them appear publicly, I am perſuaded reſulted more from his good nature than his judgment. He knew the friends to whom they were written admired them, and he knew too they would like to ſee them more diſſeminated. In ſome caſes I have reaſon to believe he was deſired to inſert them; and with him, the pleaſure of obliging a friend eaſily overweighed every prudential ſcruple.

At the time of arranging that volume, he was engaged in preparing for the ſtage the tragedy of CREÜSA, which, after it had been exhibited in Drury-Lane theatre, he publiſhed

liſhed and inſcribed to Lord Villiers. He has told us, in an advertiſement prefixed to it, how little he was indebted to the Iön of Euripides for the conſtruction of his fable; and, indeed, whoever compares the two dramas, will readily allow, that to alter a ſtory of ſo very fabulous a kind, in which the intervention of Pagan divinities appear ſo neceſſary, into a probable action, and alſo where a connected train of natural circumſtances reſulting one from another, leads to an affecting cataſtrophe, muſt have been a work of ſupreme difficulty. And this, I think, Mr. Whitehead has very ſucceſsfully atchieved, though without receiving ſo much applauſe for his labours as the piece merited. Not that it could be ſaid to be ill received, for it had a conſiderable run; it ſhewed the abilities of his favourite actreſs, Mrs. Pritchard, to great advantage; (the character of the Queen perfectly ſuiting her age and figure) and as Garrick and Moſſop alſo took parts in it, the

performance was ſo perfect, that it was hardly poſſible for it not to ſucceed in the repreſentation; yet it has ſeldom, I believe, been repeated, or rather revived; and tho', in my own opinion, it ſhews the dramatic powers of its author to more advantage than the Roman Father; yet only that tragedy takes its turn in the courſe of theatrical exhibitions. I muſt own I am at a loſs to account for this from any other cauſe, than that the public taſte chuſes to ſubmit to the dogma of their late critic, who has ſo very univerſally, and without any exceptions, reprobated whatever he is pleaſed to term mythological, in which claſs he would undoubtedly place the drama in queſtion, notwithſtanding the care which the poet has taken to expunge the miraculous and improbable from his ſtory, and, conſequently, to remove every thing that might be thought objectionable on that account. If, however, it be on that account that Creüſa ſhall continue to be neglected,

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ed, we muſt conclude that all taſte, for what is pure and claſſical, will be neglected alſo. The ſymptoms of this approaching neglect ſeem, indeed, already but too apparent.

Were I to criticiſe this play according to my own ideas of dramatic ordonnance, I ſhould ſay, that there is hardly a ſingle tragedy of Engliſh manufacture, in which the three unities are more accurately obſerved: For though the ſcene ſhifts occaſionally at the beginning of each different act, from the veſtibule of the temple to the laurel grove, a place very contiguous to the fane, yet I am perſuaded the poet did this rather to pleaſe the players, than out of any neceſſity ariſing from his plot, as Aletes might, with even greater convenience to that, have reſided in the temple itſelf, than in the grove. The language of Creüſa is alſo, in my opinion, more elevated than that of the Roman Father. As to the cataſtrophe, however, though it

reſults naturally from the action that precedes it, it muſt not be diſſembled that it does not ſatisfy. One is ſorry that the Queen ſuffers: Her crime, as ſhe ſo very unwillingly conſents to the poiſoning of Iliſſus, ſeems hardly great enough to merit capital puniſhment. Euripides, who drew her much more criminal, ſuffers her to exiſt to the end; and by making Iön attempt to avenge, on his unknown mother, the crime ſhe had been guilty of, in attempting to poiſon him, her unknown ſon, produces an incident which the Jeſuit Poree, juſtly pronounced to be moſt truly theatrical. "In ſpite," ſays he, "of all the faults, either real or apparent, which I have been led to find in this piece, nothing can be conceived more perfectly theatrical than the repreſentation of a mother, on the point of killing her unknown ſon, and, at the ſame time, of dying unknown by his hands, when this double project of parricide ſerves to reſtore that ſon to his

his mother, and that mother to her ſon." Our author, by not admitting this double project into his plan, has, in my opinion, decreaſed the theatrical effect, of which (however inartificially) the Greek Poet had furniſhed him with the example, and which, had he improved upon it, as he has on all the other incidents in the Iön, might have made the laſt act much more perfect. 'Tis certain, however, that for this purpoſe, the preceding plot of the whole piece muſt have been very differently conſtituted.

The exhibition of Creüſa was hardly over before the determination of Lord Jerſey, that his ſon ſhould finiſh his education abroad, opened to Mr. Whitehead a proſpect, of all others, perhaps, the moſt pleaſurable to a man of taſte and imagination, that of making the tour of Europe. The late Lord Harcourt had the ſame intentions concerning his eldeſt ſon Lord Viſcount Nuneham. The two young Noblemen

Noblemen were nearly of the ſame age. They had been intimate from their infancy. The tutor of Lord Villiers was, therefore, as well acquainted with the pleaſing temper and diſpoſition of the other Lord as of him, whoſe education he had more immediately ſuperintended; and his own happy art of making inſtruction an amuſement, had ſo won on the affections of them both, that they felicitated themſelves mutually on his being appointed their joint governor. With a curſory account of their tour I ſhall commence the next ſection.

End of the third Section.

SECTION the FOURTH.

IT was at this time much the faſhion for Noblemen, and other perſons of fortune, to ſend their ſons into Germany, for the purpoſe of making them acquainted with the DROIT PUBLIQUE, a ſubject on which the lectures of Profeſſor Maſcow, at Leipſic, had been long celebrated. The late Earl of Cheſterfield, who always made the mode of education in our two Engliſh Univerſities, a favourite topic of his ridicule, greatly patronized this foreign plan; and he, it is well known, was then looked up to by his Peers, not only as the arbiter of taſte, the pattern of politeneſs, the exemplar of wit, but the oracle of good ſenſe and ſound judgment. His poſthumous letters have made his claim to theſe two latter, if not, perhaps, to all theſe qualifications ſomewhat problematical. The late King, alſo, whoſe predilection for his native country never ſuffered him to angliciſe himſelf

himſelf enough to get over that inborn prejudice, equally approved of this Teutonic mode of academical inſtruction. It was, therefore, a good, if not, perhaps, the beſt, mode of paying court to the old monarch, to adopt his ſentiments on the ſubject. I by no means ſuppoſe that this idea operated on the fathers of Mr. Whitehead's two pupils; the fact, however, was, that Leipſic was the place in which they were deſtined to paſs the winter of the year 1754.

They, therefore, left England under his care in the preceding June, and, paſſing thro' Flanders, reſided the reſt of the ſummer at Rheims, the capital of Champaign, in order to habituate themſelves to the French language; and then, removing to Leipſic, paſt ſeven months there, not, as I have reaſon to believe, without a conſiderable degree of diſſatisfaction, as they found the famous profeſſor in a ſtate of dotage, without being quite

quite incapacitated from reading his former lectures.

In the following ſpring they proceeded to Dreſden, and, after viſiting that and moſt of the other German Courts, repaired to Hanover in the ſummer 1755, at the time when King George the Second paid his laſt viſit to his electorate. There I had the pleaſure of meeting them, not indeed to begin, but to improve a friendſhip which I have had the honour to retain through life. I had then lately taken orders, and attended Lord Holderneſſe, the ſecretary of ſtate, as his domeſtic chaplain. I mention this circumſtance, becauſe that elegant poetical expoſtulation, which Mr. Whitehead addreſſed to me, and which he publiſhed in the 186th page of the ſecond volume of his poems, took its riſe at this place from certain amicable altercations, which we there had on the ſubject of a public and retired life; to the lat-

ter of which, my diſpoſition appeared to lean more than he thought conſiſtent with the views of advancement, which then ſeemed to open themſelves before me. This egotiſm, therefore, has a ſort of neceſſary connexion with the ſubject of theſe memoirs.

Having continued at Hanover the greateſt part of that ſummer, he proceeded with his young Noblemen to Vienna, and from thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they croſſed the Alps, and paſſed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from viſiting France by the declaration of War, and landed at Harwich in September, 1756.

In the courſe of ſo complete a tour, a great part of which led through claſſic ground, it cannot be ſuppoſed that either his poetical powers would lie dormant, or that he would be negligent in communicating to his friends

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at home, in the ſlighter mode of letters, many curious obſervations on the countries through which he travelled. I am myſelf poſſeſt of a few very entertaining ones, written from Rome and elſewhere; and, I believe, Mr. Wright, and the executors of the late Dr. Goddard and Mr. Sanderſon have many more. But as I before publiſhed a collection of Mr. Gray's letters, written in a prior viſit to many of the ſame places, I have not endeavoured to collect them, which otherwiſe, perhaps, I might have found little difficulty in doing, with a permiſſion of making theſe pages thereby more entertaining.

That his Muſe, now in her fulleſt vigor, frequently exerted herſelf, his well-turned elegy written at Haut-Villers; his ſtriking ode on entering the Campania of Rome; and five other elegiac addreſſes to his two noble pupils with him, and his three more particular friends at home, ſufficiently teſtify. Of theſe

the ſublime ſcenes through which he paſſed, and the grand hiſtorical events which thoſe ſcenes recalled to his memory, generally furniſhed the ſubject; and as they were executed on the ſpot, they are more replete with pictureſque imagery than any other of his compoſitions. They had not, however, the good fortune (when he publiſhed them on his return to England) to be received with an approbation proportioned to their merit. They were intituled Elegies.—Mr. Gray's elegy was better than any of them *. What

* Dr. Johnſon had not then led readers of this caſt to make a proper eſtimate of that celebrated poem. It ſpread, at firſt, on account of the affecting and penſive caſt of its ſubject, juſt like Hervey's Meditations on the Tombs. Soon after its publication I remember that, ſitting with Mr. Gray in his college apartment, he expreſſed to me his ſurpriſe at the rapidity of its ſale. I replied

"*Sunt Lachrymæ rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

He pauſed a while, and taking his pen, wrote the line on the title of a printed copy of it lying on his table. "This," ſaid he, "ſhall be its future Motto." "Pity," cryed

What is not the beſt, can in *poetry* have no merit at all. *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*, &c.—Again, they were filled with claſſical alluſions.—Claſſical alluſions ſavour of pedantry.—No Gentleman now chuſes to go back to ſchool, in order to underſtand an Engliſh verſe.—They who read poetry read to be pleaſed, not to be puzzled.—In a word, the Æra of Addiſon was over, the day of candid criticiſm eclipſed. The poet knew it, and bore his fate contentedly.

To do this at the time required but little philoſophy: He was ſo circumſtanced as not to fear for a future proviſion, or to feel the neceſſity of adapting himſelf to the public taſte, in order to become a popular writer, and

cryed I, "that Dr. Young's Night Thoughts have preoccupied it." "So," replied he, "indeed, it is". He had ſtill more reaſon to think I had hinted at the true cauſe of its popularity, when he found how very different a reception his two odes at firſt met with.

and to draw from ſo very uncertain a fund as the preſs, the neceſſary means of ſubſiſtence. The care, and, conſequently, the ſalary annexed to it, of his two young noblemen, now expired. But he had received, while yet in Italy, the badges of ſecretary and regiſter of the Right Honourable order of the Bath. Two genteel patent places uſually united, which were procured for him by the intereſt of the late Counteſs of Jerſey, who always had the higheſt eſteem for him; and who, for this generous purpoſe, employed the mediation of her near relation, the late Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle, Lady of the Duke, then Prime Miniſter.

A farther addition to his finances accrued to him, about two years after, on the death of Colley Cibber, Eſq; when the late Duke of Devonſhire, as Lord Chamberlain, made him Poet Laureat.

He

He has ſaid himſelf truly on this appointment, that

Unaſk'd it came, and from a friend unknown *,

and the memoirs, which I publiſhed of Mr. Gray's life, have acquainted the public, that the place was before offered to him by my mediation †. Let me then be permitted, from a perſonal motive of gratitude to the memory of the late Duke of Devonſhire, here to add, that I was not myſelf overlooked on the occaſion; ſo far from it, that a previous apology was made to me by Lord John Cavendiſh, couched in theſe or very ſimilar terms, "that being in orders, I was thought, "merely on that account, leſs eligible for "the office than a layman." A reaſon ſo politely put, I was glad to hear aſſigned; and

* See his Charge to the Poets. Poems, vol. ii. p. 292.

† See Memoirs of Mr. Gray, vol. iv. p. 28, laſt edition.

and if I had thought it a weak one, they who know me, will readily believe that I am the laſt man in the world who would have attempted to controvert it.

I may now alſo add another circumſtance, which before I had my reaſons for omitting, that the office of Laureat was offered to Mr. Gray, with permiſſion to hold it as a mere ſinecure. This was not the caſe when it was given to Mr. Whitehead, and I have often wondered why, as the late King would readily have diſpenſed with hearing muſic, for which he had no ear, and poetry, for which he had no taſte. I remember, therefore, that when my friend had accepted the laurel, without ſuch permiſſion, the beſt bloſſom that could have been annexed to its foliage *, that I adviſed him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reſerve his own

* I here only put it into metaphor, what I once heard a grave churchman ſay of eccleſiaſtical ſinecures.

own pen for certain great occaſions that might occur, ſuch as a peace or a marriage; and then to addreſs his Royal Maſter with ſome ſtudied ode or epiſtle, as Boileau and Racine had done in France, for their penſions. And I alſo pointed out to him two or three needy poets of the day, who, for the reward of five or ten guineas, would write immediately under the eye of the muſical compoſer, (a humiliation which all, that write for muſic in the preſent ſtate of that art, ought to ſubmit to) and who would cut their lines ſhorter, or ſpin them out longer, in order to fit them to any given air, as the poetical ſubalterns whom Handel employed did with great obſequiouſneſs, whenever the Oratorio exigencies of their muſical General required them to new-array the rank and file of their metres. This advice, given partly in jeſt, partly in earneſt, was not attended to by my friend: He ſet himſelf to his periodical taſk, with the zeal of a perſon who wiſhed to

retrieve the honours of that laurel which came to him from the head of Cibber, in a very ſhrivelled, or rather blaſted, ſtate. But though his firſt ode was calculated, from the heroic genealogy which it contained, to be peculiarly acceptable to the Monarch for whoſe birth-day it was written; and though its poetical merit had the very juſt approbation of Mr. Gray * and other good judges, it was little reliſhed in general. Indeed, there is one misfortune annexed by long preſcription to the place in queſtion, that its poſſeſſor muſt write nothing officially but Odes, a ſpecies of compoſition, of all others, the leaſt adapted to the taſte of the times, for I am perſuaded, from the many criticiſms

* The generality accuſed him of copying his *Genius of the Julian Hills* from Mr. Gray's *Bard on the Welch Mountain*; the author of that inimitable ode juſtly ſaid, if it might be called an imitation, it was rather of one of Horace's, which begins, *Paſtor dum traheret*. I have by me ſome letters, in which he gives his firſt and ſecond ode a great encomium.

ciſms I have of late heard repeated, as coming from thoſe who take the lead in their ſeveral circles of polite ſociety, that their natural reliſh for poetry goes not beyond that which is included in a ſtring of couplets. Their ſentiments, therefore, of this kind, like many of Dr. Johnſon's on arts and taſtes, of which he had no comprehenſion, put me always in mind of the blind man's deſcription of ſcarlet, which, according to his *no* idea, was like the ſound of a trumpet.

It is almoſt inconceivable what a quantity of ſarcaſtic ſquibs were flung at Mr. Whitehead, after he had accepted this place, during the reſt of his life, either by the mode of anonymous Penny-Poſt letters, or the ſtill cheaper vehicle of the news papers, in which ſcandal is almoſt the only thing that can be inſerted *gratis*. This ſcurrilous treatment leads me now to produce a paragraph from a

letter of Mr. Gray's, which, when I publiſhed it, out of delicacy to my friend then living, I ſuppreſſed: In this letter, after giving other reaſons for refuſing that appointment, he adds, "In ſhort, the office itſelf has always humbled the poſſeſſor hitherto; if he were a poor writer, by making him more conſpicuous; and if he were a good one, by ſetting him at war with the little fry of his own profeſſion; for there are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureat." I think, notwithſtanding I admit the fact true at the time, that no good poet, who accepts the office, can be compleatly humbled, unleſs he condeſcends to wage war with the ſaid little fry, which Mr. Whitehead ſcorned, and which, I hope, his ſucceſſor (who, I am told, has already met with the ſame illiberal treatment) will equally diſdain to do. So long as there is a Laureat to *lick*, there will, undoubtedly, be witlings fond of having a lick at the Laureat: But I will venture to predict,

predict, that if Mr. T. Warton (more bold than his predeceſſor in lyrical expreſſion, and hitherto more curious in lyrical arrangement) keeps his muſe *from over-ſtepping the modeſty of* panegyric, theſe ſcribblers will but exemplify the fate of their relation, the viper in Æſop, who, to his own coſt only, amuſed himſelf with licking a file.

Of ſuch decent reſerve, that predeceſſor ſet him a laudable example. What he thought of the ſmall fry in queſtion, will be learned from the following effuſion of ſmiling contempt, which he wrote ſome years before his death, for the amuſement of a few friends, and which, I think there now will be no impropriety in making more public. By his Motto, he ſeems to have wiſhed it might reach an ear, to which the editor has not the preſumption to hope this publication will have the honour of conveying it.

A

PATHETIC APOLOGY

FOR ALL

LAUREATS,

PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

Veniant ad Cæſaris Aures!

YE ſilly dogs, whoſe half-year lays,
Attend like ſatellites on BAYS;
And ſtill, with added lumber load,
Each birth-day and each new-year ode,
Why will ye *ſtrive* to be *ſevere?*
In pity to yourſelves forbear;
Nor let the ſneering public ſee,
What numbers write far worſe than he.

His muſe, *oblig'd* by ſack and penſion,
Without a ſubject, or invention—

Muſt

Muſt certain words in order ſet,
As innocent as a Gazette;
Muſt ſome half-meaning half diſguiſe,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will *you*, ye volunteers
In nonſenſe, teize us with your jeers,
Who *might* with dulneſs and her crew
Securely ſlumber? Why will *you*
Sport your dim orbs amidſt her fogs?
You're not *oblig'd*—ye ſilly dogs!

When Jove, as antient fables ſing,
Made of a ſenſeleſs log a King,
The frogs at firſt, their doubts expreſt;
But ſoon leap'd up, and ſmok'd the jeſt.
While every tadpole of the lake
Lay quiet, tho' they felt it quake,
They knew their nature's due degree,
Themſelves ſcarce more alive than he;
They knew they could not croak like frogs,
—Why will *you* try?—ye ſilly dogs!

When the poor barber felt aſkance,
The thunder of a Quixot's lance,
For merely bearing on his head,
Th' expreſſive emblem of his trade,
The barber was a harmleſs log,
The hero was the ſilly dog—
What trivial things are cauſe of quarrel!
Mambrino's helmet, or the laurel,
Alike diſtract an ideot's brain,
" Unreal mockéries!" ſhadowy pain!

Each Laureat (if kind heav'n diſpenſe
Some little gleam of common ſenſe)
Bleſt with *one hundred pounds* per ann.
And that too tax'd, and but ill paid,
With caution frames his frugal plan,
Nor apes his brethren of the trade.
He never will to garrets riſe
For inſpiration from the ſkies;
And pluck, as Hotſpur would have done,
" Bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;"

He never will to cellars venture,
To drag up glory from the centre;
But calmly ſteer his courſe between
Th' aerial and infernal ſcene;
—One *hundred pounds!* a golden mean!

Nor need *he* aſk a Printer's pains,
To fix the type, and ſhare the gains:
Each morning paper is ſo kind
To give his works to every wind.
Each evening poſt, and magazine,
Gratis adopts the *Lay ſerene.*
On their frail barks his praiſe or blame
Floats for an hour, and ſinks with them;
Sure without envy you might ſee,
Such floundering immortality.
Why will ye then, amidſt the bogs,
Thruſt in *your* oar?—ye ſilly dogs!

He ne'er deſires his ſtated loan,
(I honeſtly can ſpeak for one)
Should meet in print the public eye;
Content with Boyce's harmony,

Who throws, on many a worthleſs lay,
His muſic and his powers away.

Are *you* not charm'd, when, at Vauxhall,
Or Marybone, the Syrens ſquall
Your oft-repeated madrigals,
Your Nancys of the hills or vales,
While tip-toe miſſes and their beaux
Catch the dear ſounds in triple rows,
And whiſper, as their happineſs,
They know the author of the piece?
This vanity, my gentle brothers,
You feel; forgive it then in others,
At leaſt in one you call a dunce,
The Laureat's odes are ſung but once,
And then not heard—while your renown
For half a ſeaſon ſtuns the town—
Nay, on brown paper, fairly ſpread,
With wooden print to grace its head,
Each barber paſtes you on his wall;
Each cobler chaunts you in his ſtall,
And DOLLY, from her maſter's ſhop,
Encores you, as ſhe twirls her mop.

Then

Then " ponder well, ye parents dear"
Of works, which live a whole half year;
And with a tender eye ſurvey
The frailer offspring of a day,
Whoſe glories wither e'er they bloom,
Whoſe very cradle is their tomb:
Have ye no bowels, cruel men!
You who may graſp, or quit the pen,
May chuſe your ſubject, nay, your time,
When genius prompts to ſport in rhime;
Dependant on yourſelves alone,
To be immortal, or unknown:
Does no compaſſion touch your breaſt
For brethren to the ſervice preſt?
To Laureats is no pity due,
Incumber'd with a thouſand clogs?
I'm very ſure they *pity* you,
—Ye ſillieſt of all ſilly dogs.

END OF THE FOURTH SECTION.

SECTION the FIFTH.

THESE memoirs have now carried the ſubject of them ſomewhat beyond his fortieth year; and although he lived near thirty more, ſo few incidents intervened in the remaining ſpace, that, excluſive of an account of the reſt of his literary productions, they might be comprized in almoſt a ſingle page.

On his return to England, the late Lord Jerſey, highly ſatisfied with the care he had taken of Lord Villiers, preſſed him ſtrongly to continue in his family, an invitation which Mr. Whitehead, naturally more inclined to ſpeculate on the manners of men, than to join them in their purſuits of ambition or intereſt, readily accepted. The father of Lord Nuneham, equally pleaſed with the attention he had paid to the charge he had committed to him, gave him alſo a general invitation to

his

his table in Town, and to his ſeat in the country; and the two young Lords, who had now entirely ſunk the idea of their governor, in the more agreeable one of their friend, ſhewed him conſtantly ſuch ſincere marks of affection, as greatly increaſed the felicity of his preſent ſituation: But, with reſpect to his continuing in Lord Jerſey's houſe, what might at firſt have been an object of mere inclination and choice, as he had now, by long habit, acquired a taſte for living with people of faſhion, became ſoon, to a mind like his, a matter of gratitude and duty. The late Counteſs of Jerſey, to whoſe ſucceſsful ſolicitations in his behalf we have ſeen he owed ſo much, began now to ſhew ſymptoms of a gradual decline; and the paroxyſms of the gout, to which the Earl had been long ſubject, became more frequent, laſting, and ſevere; he found, therefore, his company of greater utility to them both; and being convinced alſo, that were

he

he abſent, the ſtrong filial affection of Lord Villiers would prompt him to confine himſelf too much at home, at an age when his natural accompliſhments and hereditary pretenſions ſeemed to demand a frequent appearance in public, he willingly devoted the principal part of his time to the amuſement of his patron and patroneſs, which it will not be doubted by thoſe, who know with what unaffuming eaſe, and pleaſing ſallies of wit, he enlivened his converſation, muſt have made their hours of ſickneſs or pain paſs away with much more ſerenity.

During fourteen years, thus ſpent in what was certainly one of the beſt offices both of gratitude and humanity, he yet found opportunities of leiſure to do more in the literary way, than merely write official odes. M. de Fontinelle had, ſometime in this interval, though at a very advanced age, publiſhed

liſhed two volumes of ſprightly theatrical ſketches, formed on an idea which he had then conceived of enlarging the provinces of the drama *. One of theſe ſtruck our author, and produced from his pen (but not without the conſiderable alterations he has ſpecified in an advertiſement prefixed to it) a comedy, which he intituled, THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS, and which, in the year 1762, was exhibited on Drury-Lane ſtage.

The eaſe and purity of the dialogue; the incidents that ariſe ſo naturally one from another; the delicate markings of the different characters; and the artful arrangement of the ſcenes, contribute to give this play a high ſtation in the ſmall liſt of our genteel comedies, at the ſame time that its want of ſmart

* See this idea explained, and controverted with much accuracy of criticiſm, by the preſent Biſhop of Worceſter, in the 2d deſertation annexed to his commentaries on Horace.

ſmart repartee and broad humour, will ever prevent it from being much reliſhed by a mixed audience. It had, however, its competent run, as to nights of repreſentation; and received a juſt tribute of applauſe from the judicious few. Indeed, were that definition of comedy generally admitted, which is given us by one of the moſt exact of modern critics, "that it propoſeth for the ends of its "repreſentation, *the ſenſation of pleaſure ariſing* "*from a view of the truth of* CHARACTERS, "*more eſpecially their ſpecific differences* *," the School for Lovers might be called a perfect comedy. I remember, when I ſaw it acted, it ſo far came up to this definition, that I almoſt perſuaded myſelf a well-bred party, in real life, was before my eyes during the repreſentation. So perfectly did every thing, which the actors ſaid, correſpond with the truth of their aſſumed characters: Yet let me own, at the ſame time, that I felt myſelf no

* See the ſame diſſertation. Vol. ii. 164. 5th edit.

no more entertained than I ſhould have been by ſuch a well-bred party: The *Vis comica* was to me wanting, by which phraſe I underſtand ſomething of more entertainment than real life ever furniſhes, and which (whether rightly or no, I will not ſay) makes a part in my idea of comedy. This want, if it be one, I well know its author poſſeſt a peculiar talent of ſupplying, had he thought that the ſimplicity of his play would not have been injured by it. He was afraid to mingle with comedy, what he thought belonged to that lower ſpecies of the drama, Farce; and chooſing rather to tread in the ſteps of Terence, than of Moliere, it is no wonder that the many who, like me, (I frankly own the failing) expect to be more highly diverted with the comic muſe, than the very beſt company in the world, ſhould quit the exhibition of this play under ſome diſappointment. But I reſerve what I have farther to ſay on this ſubject for

another dramatic production, which will ſoon offer itſelf to our notice, adding here only, that they who put this play on a footing with the *Drames* in France, and the *ſentimental* Comedies in England, which have ſucceeded it, will do the author much injuſtice,

In the ſame year, 1762, but, if I am not miſtaken, after the repreſentation of this comedy, he publiſhed his CHARGE TO THE POETS, in which, as Laureat, he ludicrouſly aſſumes the dignified mode of a Biſhop giving his viſitatorial inſtructions to his clergy. The idea was new, pregnant with grave humour, and executed ſo ſucceſsfully, that even the Egotiſms, neceſſary to the ſubject, are among the moſt pleaſing parts of the whole poem. Replete with good ſenſe and good taſte, it is ſtill more to be admired for the amiable picture which it gives of the author's

thor's own mind, and his readineſs to be pleaſed by Poets of very different abilities, provided thoſe abilities were employed on ſubjects which ſuited them; and for expoſing that faſtidious mode of criticiſm which admits no poem to have any merit, except that which accords with ſome partial preconceived idea of excellence, which it has ſet up as its excluſive criterion.

Notwithſtanding this liberal turn of the piece, its publication brought upon him the vindictive reſentment of a young poet, who had, juſt about the time, attracted the public notice by a ſatire, intituled, The *Roſciad.*

I recollect, that when Mr. Whitehead firſt ſhewed me this Charge in manuſcript, I pointed out to him ſome paſſages in it, which, I imagined, might give offence to a certain

junto of wits of the time (ſince dead)*, little, however, ſuſpecting that any of them would expreſs their reſentment with ſo much acrimony. The author, conſcious that there was not a ſingle line in the piece which could not be defended on the legitimate plea of general ſatire, replied only with a ſmile, when I repeated, in order to ſtrengthen my opinion, that well-known line of Pope,

" BOND is but one, but HARPAX is a ſcore ;"

for indeed the quotation did not fully apply, as not even one fictitious appellation is inſerted through the whole poem : For ſo cautious had he been, when expreſſing a few general reflections in eaſy verſe, of giving any other point to his meaning than their ſimple

* The principal of theſe offenſive paſſages the reader will find, if he turns to the 297th page of his poems. The paragraph begins thus :

But chief avoid thoſe boiſtrous roaring ſparks,
The ſons of fire, you'll know them by their marks, &c. &c.

ple truth conveyed, that nothing but the ſelf-conſciouſneſs of deſerving the cenſure, could lead any perſon to apply it ſo far to his own individual character, as to think reſentment juſtifiable. Notwithſtanding this, my ſuſpicion proved true: The *ſon of Fire*, who had juſt before lighted his brand, and flung its deſtructive ſparks about among the poor players, attacked the Laureat in almoſt every one of thoſe haſty productions with which he glutted the town, bringing in his name in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, with an acrimony much too harſh to admit of an union with wit, and ſufficiently virulent to have been diſtilled into verſe, from the very dregs of that proſe, of which the *caput mortuum* is to be found in the codes of polemical divinity of the laſt century. But peace be to Churchill's *Ghoſt*. Be it my more pleaſurable buſineſs to record with what perfect eaſe and equanimity the perſon ſo unjuſtly libelled behaved on the occaſion. To have retaliated, was as abhor-

rent

rent from his natural temper, as contradictory to that precept of *keeping the peace*, which in his Charge he had called *his firſt and laſt advice**. And yet, to have read ſuch unmerited ſlander, without feeling ſome degree of reſentment, would have required more apathy than even Mr. Whitehead was poſſeſt of. I find, indeed, a few, and but a few, amongſt his unfiniſhed fragments, in which he mentions this poetical enemy. One of theſe is a ſhort ſimile, which, as it is ſo perfectly deſcriptive, both of the merits and demerits of the writer, I ſhall firſt inſert.

So from his common-place, when Churchill
ſtrings
Into ſome motley form his *damn'd* good
things;

The

* See the line in the Charge.
"My firſt and laſt advice is, Keep the Peace."

The purple patches ev'ry where* prevail,
But the poor work has neither head nor tail.

On another paper I find theſe lines:

Churchill had ſtrength of thought, had power
to paint,
Nor felt from principles the leaſt reſtraint;
From hell itſelf his characters he drew,
And chriſten'd them by ev'ry name he knew:
For 'twas from Hearſay he pick'd up his
tales,
Where falſe and true by accident prevails:
Hence I, though older far, have liv'd to ſee
Churchill forgot, an empty ſhade like me.

The foregoing verſes ſeem intended for a part of ſome longer poem, and to have been written near the cloſe of his life. They certainly had not his laſt corrections, and I print them only becauſe they come from a good heart, willing

* This ſeems too candid, I read *here and there* prevail.

willing to commend whatever was commendable in Churchill, talents for ſtrong expreſſion and forcible imagery, at the ſame time that it juſtly reprobates his wretched miſuſe of thoſe talents. The following detached lines breathe a higher ſtrain of poetry, and give another convincing proof of the benevolence and placability of his diſpoſition.

* * *

That I'm his foe, ev'n Churchill can't pretend,
But—thank my ſtars—he proves I am no friend:
Yet, Churchill, could an honeſt wiſh ſucceed,
I'd prove myſelf to thee a friend indeed;
For had I power like that which bends the ſpheres
To muſic never heard by mortal ears,
Where in his ſyſtem, ſits the central ſun,
And drags reluctant planets into tune,

So

So would I bridle thy eccentric ſoul,
In Reaſon's ſober orbit bid it roll;
Spite of thyſelf, would make thy rancour ceaſe,
Preſerve thy preſent fame and future peace,
And teach thy Muſe no vulgar place to find
In the full moral chorus of mankind.

After having peruſed theſe fragments, eſpecially the laſt, if any of my readers ſhould ſtill think Churchill the better poet, I am loth to believe that they will eſteem him the better man. Nor am I clear, that impartial poſterity will believe the following fact, which, as Mr. Whitehead's Biographer, I muſt here inſert, that Churchill's abuſe of him tended to lower his poetical merit ſo much with the MANY, that Mr. Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which, a little time after, he offered to his ſtage. The public, therefore, for ſeveral years, ſaw nothing more that came

from his pen but thoſe half-yearly odes, which his office required him to write.

On the deceaſe of the late Earl of Jerſey, who, ſurviving his Counteſs about ſeven years, died in Auguſt 1769, Mr. Whitehead obtained an unwilling permiſſion from the heir to his honors and eſtate to remove to private lodgings; but on theſe two conditions only, that he ſhould make choice of them in a ſtreet as near as poſſible to that houſe in which he had ſo many years been a moſt acceptable inmate, and that he ſhould ſtill conſider himſelf as a daily-invited gueſt to his table.

Fortunately for a continuation of this reciprocal friendſhip, the Lady, whom the Earl ſoon after married, had taſte and talents juſtly to appreciate Mr. Whitehead's worth, and to reliſh his ſociety; and, in conſequence, was as deſirous of making him a part of the family

family as her Lord; he, therefore, during the reſt of his life, divided his ſummers between Middleton and Nuneham, even before his pupil, the preſent Earl of Harcourt, was poſſeſſor of that charming ſeat; but where, afterwards, he and his Counteſs, both of them equally attached to his virtues, and attentively ſolicitous to make the place agreeable to him, continued to ſhare, with his two other noble friends, the happineſs of his ſociety.

Recurring now to his literary ſtory, I am to obſerve, that, after the ill-fated Charge, which he publiſhed in 1762, and which he had, amongſt his friends, called his own epilogue, intimating by that term, that it was the laſt thing he meant to publiſh, he employed himſelf chiefly in reviſing and correcting the firſt edition of his poems. He alſo, about this time, amuſed himſelf with ſketching out a Farce, in which he meant to adapt the prin-

cipal character to his favourite actreſs, Mrs. Clive, but ſhe left the ſtage before this little piece was finiſhed. It lay by him, therefore, till the year 1770, when he made a preſent of it to Mr. Garrick, on condition of his producing it without the name of the author. This was done, and the TRIP TO SCOTLAND appeared on the Drury-Lane ſtage with the greateſt advantage of good acting, and met with its deſerved applauſe. I never myſelf had the pleaſure to ſee it repreſented, yet it has frequently pleaſed me greatly in the cloſet, and convinced me, that Mr. Whitehead had powers to write equally well in the manner of Moliere as of Terence: But I have before given the reaſon why he did not chuſe to do ſo; a reaſon which, however, will not weigh with thoſe who compare this little piece with moſt of the Farces of the preſent day; for they will conclude with me, that the characters in the Trip to Scotland are not more overcharged, in order to excite ridicule, than

they

they are found to be in the beſt modern Comedies, both in French and Engliſh; for, ſurely, his *old Griſkin* is not nearly ſo much filled with farcical humour, as the Foreſight and Fondlewife of Congreve. Indeed, I think, that had our author extended his plot to five acts, and exiled his Cupid as too mythological a perſonage, it would have ſuited our Engliſh taſte ſo well, as to have been deemed a good comedy. At preſent, I think this Farce, as it ſtands, the only thing of the kind that can be put in competition with the charming *petites pieces* of Marivaux. In what I have now ſaid, I ſhall, perhaps, be thought by many good critics, as lax in my idea of juſt Comedy, as I appear to be rigid in an adherence to antient rule in Tragedy. The truth is, with reſpect to the former, that I hold the excitement of laughter by an exhibition of the ridiculous, to be a neceſſary ingredient in comic

mic compoſition; but this always in perfect correſpondence with the truth of character.

In the year 1774, he, with this, collected his other dramatic pieces together, and, correcting the former edition of the poems, publiſhed all his works, under the title of *Plays and Poems*, in two volumes, giving, according to his intention above-mentioned, the *Charge to the poets* the concluding pages.

But though poſſibly Mr. Whitehead, after he had arranged theſe two volumes, might think that he had bid adieu to poetical compoſitions, ſo far as his office of Laureat might permit, yet he had obtained, by long practice, ſo great a facility of verſification, and had always taken ſo much pleaſure in it, that he could not help, occaſionally, throwing out his thoughts upon paper, and cloathing them in appropriate verſe.

That

That very elegant poem, called VARIETY, which is now reprinted in this collection, was the firſt he produced; but he printed it, as all the ſubſequent compoſitions, without a name, and had the pleaſure to find it univerſally well received, a circumſtance to which (ſuch is the caprice of public taſte) that mode of printing, perhaps, did not a little contribute. It ſpeedily ran through five editions. His GOAT'S BEARD, though a more ſtudied compoſition, and a moſt delicate ſatire on the times, did not ſo generally pleaſe, though it alſo had a very conſiderable ſale. The little poem which appears third in this collection, is a ſlight play of fancy on the ridiculous mode of dreſs adopted by the Ladies the very ſeaſon when it was publiſhed, and which, perhaps, the next ſeaſon, by making that dreſs old-faſhioned, would render its poetical deſcription obſolete. Had its author poſſeſt the powers of Mr. Bunbury's pencil, he would, perhaps, have given his idea to

the

the public, rather through the medium of the *rolling* than the *printing* preſs; in its preſent ſtate, humorous as it is, the comic painter would be its beſt commentator. To the poems now firſt printed I ſhall annex notes.

It remains now, after having dwelt ſo minutely on the principal poems which he himſelf publiſhed, to give ſome little account of what he left behind him in MS. The principal of theſe is a Tragedy, which I have mentioned already as offered to Mr. Garrick. This is formed on a fable entirely his own, in which the characters, though noble, lead me to rank it in that ſpecies of drama which, like the *Orphan* of Otway, and the *Fatal Marriage* of Southern, may be called domeſtic, in contradiſtinction to that in which Heroes and Kings are exhibited. I have alſo ſaid, that the manager did not venture to bring it on the ſtage, and thoſe who know Mr. Garrick's

Garrick's timid temper, will eaſily believe that the fear of a party being raiſed againſt it by Churchill and his friends, might prompt him to behave as he did on the occaſion. This tragedy it has not been thought proper to inſert in this collection, becauſe, being much better calculated to pleaſe on the ſtage than in the cloſet, it is certainly more adviſeable for the Gentleman, whoſe property it now is, to keep it by him, as perhaps ſome favourable moment may hereafter occur for its repreſentation, which only can decide on its intrinſic merit.

What inclines me to this opinion is, that figurative diction, and all thoſe graces of language which the author thought foreign to the theatrical ſtyle, are ſtill more ſedulouſly avoided in this piece, than in his former dramas. It was ſaid at the beginning of theſe memoirs, that he was an early actor on a ſchool theatre; he continued to ſtudy ac-

tion and dramatic ſpeaking through life, and was not only a perfect judge of recitation, but an excellent reciter himſelf: I am therefore apt to believe, that he always acted, or at leaſt declaimed, while he was compoſing for the ſtage. When, therefore, he was convinced, from his own manner of ſpeaking, that a weak, proſaic, or even ill-accented verſe, might be made forcible, he was willing to truſt it to the powers of the player without farther ſolicitude; nay, perhaps, to think if he elevated it in point of phraſe, he might accommodate it leſs to the ſpeaker. This, added to the abhorrence which he had of all rant, and that common-place mode of writing, which he has ſo well ridiculed in his mock tragedy, led him to run into what I think an extreme of ſimplicity in his own theatrical diction.

Beſides this compleated drama, I find, among his papers, the firſt act of an Œdipus;

pus *; the beginning and an imperfect plan of a tragedy founded on the hiſtorical fact of King Edward the Second's reſignation of his crown to his ſon; and alſo of another, compo-

* In this fragment he has made excellent uſe of the *Chef d'Oeuvre* of Sophocles, without being its ſervile imitator. By the addition of only one new character, he alſo ſeems to me to have pointed out a way, by which that fine fable, allowed by the beſt critics to be the firſt in all antiquity, might receive enough of additional incident, to fit it for the modern ſtage. On this account, though he left no further plan to direct me, I have attempted for my own amuſement, and that of a few friends, to add four more acts, and compleat it to the beſt of my ability. Should it ever be made more public, whatever other faults it may have, it will yet be found void of thoſe epiſodical characters and intricate underplots, which, at the ſame time that they deſtroy the unity of action, make Corneille's Œdipus ridiculous, Voltaire's improbable, and Dryden's and Lee's abſolutely contemptible. I am, however, ſufficiently convinced, that the time for this, or any other Tragedy founded on claſſical ſtory, to appear, is by no means the latter end of the eighteenth century.

ſed of Spaniſh and Mooriſh characters; but whether the fable of this be his own invention, or taken from ſome novel, my reading, or at leaſt my recollection of what I have formerly read in that way, does not enable me to decide. I ſee, however, enough in the fragments of this piece, to induce a wiſh that he had compleated it. Its firſt ſcene, uſually a difficult thing to form well, is a maſter-piece in its kind, as it conveys all the neceſſary information, previous to the commencement of the action, in the moſt eaſy and natural manner poſſible.

Of other miſcellaneous pieces there is a conſiderable quantity. Yet but few which he has tranſcribed in ſo fair a manner as to indicate, that he himſelf thought them finiſhed, and of theſe the greater part are occaſional and local proluſions of his pen, which would chiefly, if not excluſively, be

matter

matter of amuſement to his particular friends, more immediately connected with the two noble families in which he ſo long reſided. Verſes of ſuch a kind, however replete with wit and humour, can ſeldom appear with propriety, except in a private impreſſion. On this account I confine the following publication to thoſe pieces which he himſelf permitted to be printed, and to a very few more, which I have the beſt reaſon to believe he intended to make public.

Here, concluding his literary hiſtory, I have nothing to add reſpecting his life, except what relates to its final cloſe at his lodgings in Charles-ſtreet, Groſvenor Square, April 14, 1785, which, happily for himſelf, as it muſt be for all who paſs through this world in the ſame blameleſs manner, with the ſame confidence in their God, and belief in his revealed will, ſo to die, "was ſudden and without a groan."

He

He had almoſt through life, at leaſt during the forty years I had the happineſs to be acquainted with him, been ſubject to palpitations of the heart, and occaſional difficulty of reſpiration, which the heavy atmoſphere of the town in winter always augmented, yet there, partly from habit, and ſtill more from a deſire of being near thoſe whom he chiefly reſpected, he choſe, in that ſeaſon, conſtantly to reſide. In the ſpring of 1785, a cold, accompanied with a cough, affected his breaſt ſo much, that it confined him at home for ſome weeks, though it was by no means ſo violent as to hinder him from purſuing his wonted amuſements of reading and writing. Even a few hours before his death, Lord Harcourt informed me that, repeating his conſtant morning viſit to him, he found him reviſing for the preſs a paper which he imagined to be his laſt birth-day ode *.

That

* This ode, though I believe in part ſet to muſic, was not performed.

That day at noon, finding himſelf diſinclined to taſte the dinner his ſervant had brought up, he deſired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired.

Thus, having compleated his ſeventieth year, my much-lamented friend died, retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is uſually the lot of perſons who live to ſuch an age. Of theſe his memory was the moſt remarkable, which, being always ſtrong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigor: And, as his reading and obſervation had been far more extenſive and various than he had occaſion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his ſentiments, this accurate retention of what he had by ſtudy acquired, made him a living library always open to communicate its treaſures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itſelf upon them

them by any oſtentatious diſplay, or aſſumed ſuperiority. He was buried by his friend and executor General Stevens in South Audley-ſtreet chapel.

For reaſons, ſimilar to thoſe which I have given in my memoirs of Mr. Gray, I think myſelf abſolved from finiſhing theſe papers with a more detailed character of Mr. Whitehead. I have interſperſed ſo many of my own impartial ſentiments concerning him, both as a man and a poet, through the preceding pages, and have adduced ſo many paſſages from his hitherto unpubliſhed poems, to juſtify thoſe ſentiments, that to add more would here be totally unneceſſary. Conſcious, notwithſtanding, that to avoid writing what is *unneceſſary* is, in theſe days, no juſt plea for ſilence in a biographer, I have ſome apology to make for having ſtrewed theſe pages ſo thinly with the tittle-tattle of anecdote. I am, however, too proud

proud to make this apology to any perſon but my bookſeller, who will be the only real loſer by the defect. Thoſe readers, who believe that I do not write immediately under his pay, and who may have gathered, from what they have already read, that I am not ſo paſſionately enamoured of Dr. Johnſon's biographical manner, as to take that for my model, have only to throw theſe pages aſide, and wait till they are new-written by ſome one of his numerous diſciples, who may follow his maſter's example; and ſhould more anecdote than I furniſh him with be wanting, (as was the Doctor's caſe in his life of Mr. Gray) may make amends for it by thoſe acid eructations of vituperative criticiſm, which are generated by unconcocted taſte and intellectual indigeſtion.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

POET LAUREAT.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

POET LAUREAT.

VARIETY.

A TALE,

FOR

MARRIED PEOPLE.

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. MARTIAL.

I can't live with you, or without you.

VARIETY.

A TALE.

A Gentle Maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature firſt, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all thoſe ſoft ſenſations
Which we reſtrain in near relations,
Leſt future huſbands ſhould be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning ſun beheld her rove
A Nymph, or Goddeſs of the grove!
At eve ſhe pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown ſhe ſaw, a faun!
Then, ſcudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd ſome copious volume o'er.
For much ſhe read; and chiefly thoſe
Great Authors, who in verſe, or proſe,
Or ſomething betwixt both, unwind
The ſecret ſprings which move the mind.
Theſe much ſhe read; and thought ſhe knew
The human heart's minuteſt clue;

Yet ſhrewd obſervers ſtill declare,
(To ſhow how ſhrewd obſervers are)
Tho' Plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And Novels, in profuſion, came,
Imported freſh and freſh from France,
She only read the heart's Romance.
The World, no doubt, was well enough
To ſmooth the manners of the rough;
Might pleaſe the giddy and the vain,
Thoſe tinſell'd ſlaves of Folly's train:
But, for her part, the trueſt taſte
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verſe it ſweetly flows,
"On every thorn inſtruction grows."
Not that ſhe wiſh'd to "be alone,"
As ſome affected Prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We ſhould "increaſe and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondeſt wiſh, her only want,
A cottage with the man ſhe lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;

In ſome delightful ſolitude
Where ſtep profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the ſacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not ſuch as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's ſwan,
(Who ſcatter myrtles, ſcatter roſes,
And hold their fingers to their noſes.)
But ſimp'ring, mild, and innocent
As Angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a Lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as ſhe,
The flow'ry paths of Poeſy;
Had warm'd himſelf with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chaunt in Shenſtone's tender ſtrains,
"The Lover's hopes," "the Lover's pains."
Attentive to the Charmer's tongue,
With *him* ſhe thought no ev'ning long;
With *him* ſhe ſaunter'd half the day;
And ſometimes, in a laughing way,

Ran o'er the Catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Conſider, Sir, we're near relations—
" I hope ſo in our inclinations."—
In ſhort, ſhe look'd, ſhe bluſh'd conſent;
He graſp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue ſo voluble and ſupple,
Said, for her part, ſhe muſt declare,
She never ſaw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain.
The fields aſſum'd unuſual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing Sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting ſtreams;
And the pale Regent of the night,
In dewy ſoftneſs ſhed delight.
'Twas Tranſport not to be expreſt;
'Twas Paradiſe!——But mark the reſt.

Two ſmiling Springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowr's,

(Ye

(Ye Lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two ſmiling Springs had chaplets wove
To crown their ſolitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not ſo pleaſant now.
The ſeaſons ſure were chang'd; the place
Had, ſome how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blaſt had ſtruck the chearful ſcene;
The lawns, the woods were not ſo green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a ſluggiſh, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The Moon with all the ſtarry reign
Were Melancholy's ſilent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite Dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)

Amus'd their ſteps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a ſmile.
The Kitten too was comical,
She play'd ſo oddly with her tail,
Or in the glaſs was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intruſive noiſe no more.
For rural viſits, now and then,
Are right, as men muſt live with men.
Then couſin Jenny, freſh from Town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was ſo ſprightly, and ſo clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converſe bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The Dog grew dull, or troubleſome.
The Cat had ſpoil'd the Kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had loſt her ſpirit.

And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhauſted Jenny's ſtore.
—" And then, my dear, I can't abide
" This always ſaunt'ring ſide by ſide."—
Enough, he cries! the reaſon's plain:
For cauſes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes
Are ſtill delightful, ſtill would pleaſe
Were we, my dear, ourſelves at eaſe.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder ſky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill ſtill murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as ſhe did, a ſofter ſun.
No change has made the ſeaſons fail,
No comet bruſh'd us with his tail.
The ſcene's the ſame, the ſame the weather—
WE LIVE, MY DEAR, TOO MUCH TOGETHER.

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means ſupplies.

With eager haſte to Town they flew,
Where all muſt pleaſe, for all was new.
But here, by ſtrict poetic laws
Deſcription claims it's proper pauſe.
The roſy Morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' ſaffron bed;
And embryo ſunbeams from the Eaſt,
Half chok'd, were ſtruggling thro' the miſt,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaiſe,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert poſtillion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his laſh. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a ſep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the ſtool before.
Roll ſwift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment riſe.
Each carriage paſſing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load

To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver ſeems to fly,
Were themes for harmleſs ſatire fit,
And gave freſh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noiſe was harſh, no danger frightful.
The daſh and ſplaſh thro' thick and thin,
The hair-breadth ſcapes, the buſtling inn,
(Where well-bread landlords were ſo ready
To welcome in the ſquire and lady.)
Dirt, duſt, and ſun, they bore with eaſe,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and pleaſe.
Now nearer Town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they croſs, thro' lanes they wind,
Leave Hounſlow's dang'rous heath behind,
Thro' Brentford win a paſſage free
By roaring, Wilkes and Liberty!
At Knightſbridge bleſs the ſhort'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambuſh lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace it's ſide)

'Till Bond-ſtreet with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.

Why ſhould we paint, in tedious ſong,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at firſt with curious haſte
Thro' Lud's vaſt town; or, as they paſs'd
Midſt riſings, fallings, and repairs
Of ſtreets on ſtreets, and ſquares on ſquares,
Deſcribe how ſtrong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.
Scarce leſs aſtoniſhment aroſe
At architects more fair than thoſe—
Who built as high, as widely ſpread
Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their head.
For Britiſh dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect Pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Piſa's tow'r, awry,
Meduſa's ſnakes, with Pallas' creſt,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compreſs'd;

With

With intermingling trees, and flowr's,
And corn, and graſs, and ſhepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above ſtage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
'Till nodding from the topmoſt wall
Otranto's plumes envelop all!
Whilſt the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmleſs on, in paſtures fair,
Unconſcious that *their* tails perfume,
In ſcented curls, the Drawing-room.
When night her murky pinions ſpread,
And ſober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleaſure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was ſhow,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *paſſe par tout* thro' ev'ry vein
Of Diſſipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific ſource,
Parent of Vice, and Folly's nurſe!

Fruitful as Nile thy copious ſprings
Spawn hourly births,—and all with ſtings:
But happieſt far the He, or She,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who firſt contriv'd the Coterie,
To cruſh domeſtic bliſs at once.
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidſt the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me ſpeak
With rev'rence, tho' in numbers weak;
Thy beauties Satire's frown beguile,
We ſpare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for ſhow,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taſte defy'd,
They could not ſpoil thee, tho' they try'd.
Ah, pity that Time's haſty wings
Muſt ſweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame,
Their nobleſt works the world might want,
WYATT ſhould build in Adamant.

But what are theſe to ſcenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the pow'rs of ſong?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wiſh for, when at length
Their ſubject ſoars above their ſtrength)
Would ſhun the taſk. Our humbler Muſe,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what ſhe gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And bluſhing to her ſhades retires.
Alas! ſhe knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the Great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy ſneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by juſt degrees
They reach'd all heights, and roſe with eaſe;
(For Beauty wins it's way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)
Each gambling Dame She knew, and He
Knew ev'ry Shark of Quality;

From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtleſs Youth, and living thrive,
To the light Train who mimic France,
And the ſoft Sons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of uſe,
Excuſe ſucceeding to excuſe,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To ſhilling Whiſt, and chicken Lu.
Advanc'd to Faſhion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new ſyſtems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd ſupreme,
Wives copied her, and Huſbands him;
Till ſo *divinely* Life ran on,
So ſeparate, ſo quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They ſcarcely knew each other's face.
At laſt they met, by *his* deſire,
A-tête-à-tête acroſs the fire;
Look'd in each other's face a-while,
With half a tear, and half a ſmile.

The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now ſcarce retain'd its fainteſt ſtreak;
So ſallow was his leathern cheek.
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With *rouge* had ſtriven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis ſaid.
Both wiſh'd to ſpeak, both hung the head.
At length it burſt.——"Tis time," he cries,
"When tir'd of folly, to be wiſe.
"Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept conſent, and he went on.
"How delicate the married life!
"You love your huſband, I my wife.
"Not ev'n ſatiety could tame,
"Nor diſſipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind
"'Tis happineſs we wiſh to find.
"In rural ſcenes retir'd we ſought
"In vain the dear, delicious draught.

" Tho' bleſt with Love's indulgent ſtore,
" We found we wanted ſomething more.
" 'Twas company, 'twas friends to ſhare
" The bliſs we languiſh'd to declare.
" 'Twas ſocial converſe, change of ſcene,
" To ſoothe the ſullen hour of ſpleen?
" Short abſences to wake deſire,
" And ſweet regrets to fan the fire.
" We left the loneſome place; and found,
" In Diſſipation's giddy round,
" A thouſand novelties to wake
" The ſprings of life and not to break.
" As, from the neſt not wand'ring far,
" In light excurſions thro' the air,
" The feather'd tenants of the grove
" Around in mazy circles move,
" (Sip the cool ſprings that murm'ring flow,
" Or taſte the bloſſom on the bough.)
" We ſported freely with the reſt;
" And, ſtill returning to the neſt,
" In eaſy mirth we chatted o'er
" The trifles of the day before.

" Behold

" Behold us now, diſſolving quite
" In the full ocean of delight;
" In pleaſures ev'ry hour employ,
" Immers'd in all the world calls joy.
" Our affluence eaſing the expence
" Of ſplendour, and magnificence.
" Our company, th' exalted ſet
" Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
" Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
" WE LIVE, MY DEAR, TOO MUCH ASUNDER."

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the ſoul of bliſs.
But ſuch Variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours it's genial ſtore;
Tho', taking each a various way,
The active ſtreams meandring play
Thro' ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;

From thence reſume their new career,
But ſtill return, and center there:
So real happineſs below
Muſt from the heart ſincerely flow;
Nor, liſt'ning to the Syren's ſong,
Muſt ſtray too far, or reſt too long.
All human pleaſures thither tend;
Muſt there begin, and there muſt end;
Muſt there recruit their languid force,
And gain freſh vigour from their ſource.

THE

GOAT's BEARD.

A FABLE.

Propria quæ maribus—
Fœmineo generi tribuuntur.

LILLY's GRAMMAR.

Lib. 4. Fab. 14.

Capellæ et Hirci.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâſſent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,
Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâſſent ſuam;
" Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
" Et uſurpare veſtri ornatum muneris:
" Pares dum non ſint veſtræ fortitudini."

Hoc argumentum monet ut ſuſtineas tibi
Habitu eſſe ſimiles, qui ſint virtute impares.

The Purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-Goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having Beards as well as the Males, the He-Goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themſelves.

To which the God replied, That if they would take care to preſerve the real and eſſential advantages which their ſex gave them over the other, they would have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.

THE

GOAT's BEARD.

A FABLE.

IN eight terſe Lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the Bards of old)
A Tale of Goats; and clos'd with grace
Plan, Moral, all, in that ſhort ſpace.
Alas, that ancient Moraliſt
Knew nothing of the ſlender twiſt
Which Italy, and France, have taught
To later times to ſpin the thought.
They are our maſters now, and We
Obſequious to their high decree,
Whate'er the Claſſic Critics ſay,
Will tell it in a modern way.
'Twas ſomewhere on the hills, which lie
'Twixt Rome and Naples' ſofter clime,
(They can't eſcape the Traveller's eye,
Nor need their names be told in rhyme)

A Herd of Goats, each ſhining morn,
Midſt ſcraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
Quick glancing to the Sun diſplay'd
Their ſpotted ſides, and pierc'd the ſhade.
Their Goat-herds ſtill, like thoſe of old,
Pipe to the ſtragglers of the fold.
'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
With VIRGIL's leave, we place the ſcene.
For ſcarcely can we think his ſwains
Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains;
Much leſs could e'er his Shepherds dream
Of pendant rocks on Mincio's ſtream.
From Naples his enliven'd thought
Its fondeſt, beſt ideas caught.
Theocritus perhaps beſide
Some kind embelliſhments ſupply'd,
And Poets are not common men—
Who talks of Goats in Ely fen!
'Twas there, on one important day,
It chanc'd the He-goats were away,
The Ladies of the Colony
Had form'd a female Coterie;

And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
Exerted all their power of tongue.
Of eaſe and freedom much they ſpoke,
Enfranchis'd from the huſband's yoke;
How bright the ſun, how ſoft the air,
The Trefoil flowers were ſweeter far,
Whilſt thus *alone* they might debate
The hardſhips of the married ſtate.
Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
Which ſpread, and caught from dame to dame,
A Matron, ſager than the reſt,
The fair enthuſiaſts thus addreſs'd:
" Ladies, I joy to ſee, what I
" Have felt, and ſmother'd with a ſigh,
" Should touch at length the general breaſt,
" And honeſt nature ſtand confeſt.
" Queens as we are, we ſee our power
" Uſurp'd, and daily ſinking lower.
" Why do our Lords and Maſters reign
" Sole Monarchs o'er their ſubject train?
" What ſtamp has Nature given their line,
" What mark to prove their *right divine*

" To lead at will the paſſive herd?
" —It can be nothing but their Beard.
" Obſerve our ſhapes, our winning airs,
" Our ſpots more elegant than theirs;
" With equal eaſe, with equal ſpeed
" We ſwim the brook, or ſkim the mead;
" Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
" On pinnacles undaunted browze,
" Hang fearleſs o'er th' impetuous ſtream,
" And ſkip from crag to crag like them.
" Why are they then to *us* preferr'd?
" —It can be nothing but their Beard.
" Then let us to great Jove prepare
" A ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer,
" That he would graciouſly relieve
" Our deep diſtreſs, and kindly give
" The all we want to make us ſhine
" Joint Empreſſes by *right divine.*"
A general murmur of applauſe
Attends the ſpeech. The common cauſe
Glows in each breaſt, and all defy
The bonds of Salique tyranny.

The mild, the timorous grow bold;
And, as they ſaunter to the fold,
Ev'n Kids, with voices ſcarcely heard,
Liſp out,—" 'Tis nothing but the beard."
Agreed. And now with ſecret care
The due luſtrations they prepare:
And having mark'd a ſacred field,
Of horns a ſpacious altar build;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the ſweets: and ſtuff the pile
With * Tragopogon's downy ſpoil,
And gums of † Tragacanth to raiſe
The bickering flame, and ſpeed the blaze.
But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting ‡ Woodbine revell'd there,

Sacred

* *Tragopogon*] A Plant called in Engliſh, the Goat's Beard.

† *Tragacanth*] The Goat's Thorn. The gums of this plant are uſed in medicine.

‡ *Woodbine*] The Caprifolium, or Goat's Leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of Lonicera, as he does the Tragacanth under that of Aſtragalus.

Sacred to Goats; and bore their name
'Till Botaniſts of modern fame
New-fangled titles choſe to give
To almoſt all the plants that live.
Of theſe a hallow'd heap they place
With all the ſkill of female grace;
Then ſpread the ſprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the bruſhy hair
Pluck'd ſlily from their huſbands' chins,
In ſeeming ſport, when love begins.
" Hear, Father Jove! if ſtill thy mind
" With partial fondneſs views our kind;
" If, nurs'd by Goats, as ſtory ſays,
" Thou ſtill retain'ſt their gameſome ways;
" If on * thy ſhield *her* ſkin appears
" Who fed with milk thy infant years;
" If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
" Shines in the ſphere a Deity, *&c. &c.*
" Hear, Father Jove, our juſt requeſt;
" O grant us Beards, and make us bleſt?"

Swift

* *Thy Shield*] The Ægis, called ſo from the Goat's ſkin which covers it.

Swift mounts the blaze, the ſcented ſky
Seems pleas'd, the Zephyrs gently ſigh,
And Jove himſelf, in frolic mood,
Reclining on an amber cloud,
Snuff'd in the gale; and, tho' he hides
A laugh which almoſt burſts his ſides,
Smil'd gracious on the ſuppliant crew;
And from the left his thunder flew:
Bleſt omen of ſucceſs! Ye Fair,
Who know what tyrants ſpouſes are,
If e'er you ſlipt the tighten'd rein,
Or gave a ſurly Huſband pain,
Gueſs at *their* joy.—Devoutly low
They bent, and with prophetic glow
They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
With ſkittiſh coyneſs met the males,
And ſcarce admitted the embrace
But *merely* to preſerve the race.
But chief the river banks they throng;
Narciſſus-like o'er fountains hung,
And not a puddle could they paſs
Without a ſquint to view their face,

Happy

Happy to ſee the ſprouts ariſe
Which promis'd future dignities.
When lo! their utmoſt wiſh prevails.
A Beard, as graceful as the male's,
Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd
At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
Looking (to borrow a quaint phraſe
From YOUNG, to deck our humbler lays)
"Delightfully with all their might."
The He-goats ſtarted at the ſight.
"Angels and miniſters of grace!"
Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
Glance after glance oblique they ſent,
Then fix'd in dumb aſtoniſhment.
Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas ſtand,
Sole monarch of th' Heſperian ſtrand,
When Perſeus on his ſhield diſplay'd
Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.
At laſt recovering their ſurprize,
For Goats, like men, are ſometimes wiſe,

On

* *Garrick's face*] in the Character of Hamlet.

† *Atlas*] Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book 4th. Fab. 15th.

On this abſurd, new-modell'd plan,
Like human couples, they began,
Unwilling, for decorum's ſake,
Quite to unite, or quite to break.
With ſhort half words, and looks that leer'd,
They frown'd, they pouted, and they ſneer'd.
In *general terms* expreſs'd their thoughts
On *private* and *peculiar* faults:
Dropp'd hints they ſcarcely wiſh'd to ſmother,
And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.
'Till ſtrife engend'ring more and more,
They downright wrangled, if not ſwore;
And ev'n the Fair could ſcarce refrain
From broad expreſſions, when they ſaw
Th' accompliſhments they wiſh'd to gain,
Created not reſpect but awe;
And ſofter Kids uſurp'd the flames
Due only to experienc'd Dames.
'Twas then the general diſcord roſe;
And Jove (induſtrious to compoſe
The caſual feuds his haſty nod
Had caus'd); well worthy ſuch a God,

Conven'd the States. And tho' he knew
What mortals ſay is really true,
" Advice is ſometimes thrown away,"
He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
Each conſcious of their claim divide
In ſeparate bands on either ſide.
Like Clients in a party cauſe,
Determin'd to ſucceed or die,
(Whate'er their Judge may talk of laws)
Staunch martyrs to integrity.
The God appear'd, in proper ſtate,
Not as the arbiter of fate,
With all thoſe enſigns of command
Which ſway the air, the ſea, the land,
But yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becoming awe.
" Approach :" he cry'd, " your idle ſtrife
" Has rais'd a thought : I'll give it life.
" For know, ye Goats, my high beheſts
" Shall not be thrown away on Beaſts.
" When Sexes plead, the cauſe is common ;
" Be Goats no more, but Man and Woman."

The change enſues. He ſmil'd again,
And thus addreſs'd the motley train.—
(Here might we tell, in Ovid's lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock'd tails, and ſhaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things, beſides,
Grew ſpruce bag-wigs, or well-queu'd hair,
The floating ſack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules, in ermin'd ſtate, the globe.
We wave all this, and ſay again,
He thus addreſs'd the motley train.)
" When firſt I different ſexes form'd,
Happy myſelf, with goodneſs warm'd,
I meant you help-mates for each other;
The ties of father, ſon, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant ſhould ſpring from you.
Were more exalted ſcenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not,
The Fair ſhould ſooth the Hero's care,
The Hero ſhould protect the Fair;

The Stateſman's toils a reſpite find
In pleaſures of domeſtic kind;
And Kings themſelves in ſocial down
Forget the thorns which line a crown.
In humbler life, that man ſhould roam
Buſy abroad, whilſt ſhe at home
Impatient for his dear return
Should bid the crackling incenſe burn,
And ſpread, as fortune might afford,
The genial feaſt, or frugal board.
The joys of honeſt Competence,
The ſolace even of Indigence.
But things are chang'd, no matter how;
Theſe bleſſings are not frequent now.
Let Time account, as he glides on,
For all his wings and ſcythe have done:
We take you in his preſent page,
The refuſe of an Iron Age.
Then hear our ſober thoughts.
Ye Dames,
Affection and good-breeding claims
That firſt, in preference to the males,
We place *your* merits in the ſcales.

For, whether 'twas deſign'd or not,
You ſome aſcendancy have got.
Ladies, we own, have had their ſhare
In learning, politics, and war.
To paſs at once the doubtful tale
Of amazons in coats of mail,
(Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
And, if I knew them, I've forgot.)
Authentic records ſtill contain,
To make the females juſtly vain,
Examples of heroic worth—
Semiramis of * Eaſt and † North.

* Marg'ret

* *Semiramis of Eaſt*] The wife of Ninus.

† —*and North*] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own perſon the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The firſt by deſcent, the ſecond by marriage, and the third by conqueſt. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

* Marg'ret the Anjouvine; of Spain
† Fair Blanche; and ‡ Ellen of Guienne.
‖ Catherine of France immortal grew
A rubric ſaint with Barthol'mew:
In Ruſſia Catherines more than one
Have done *great things:* and many a Joan

Has

* *Marg'ret the Anjouvine*] Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithſtanding her ſuppoſed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk) ſupported the intereſt of her huſband and his family with the moſt heroic ſpirit.

† *Fair Blanche*] Blanche of Caſtile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her ſon, St. Louis, and during his abſence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and ſucceſs. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

‡ *Ellen of Guienne*] An adventurer in the Cruſades. She was firſt married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom ſhe was divorced, under a pretence of conſanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

‖ *Catherine of France*] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three ſucceeding Monarchs. The Maſſacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day was conducted under her auſpices.

Has buſtled in the active ſcene;
* The Pope, the Warrior, and the Queen!
But theſe are ſtars which blaze and fall;
O'er Albion did Eliza riſe
A conſtellation of them all,
And ſhines the Virgo of the ſkies!
† Some dames of leſs athletic mold,
By mere misfortune render'd bold,
Have drawn the dagger in defence
Of their own ſpotleſs innocence.
O'er theſe the penſive Muſe ſhall mourn,
And Pity's tear ſhall grace their urn.
‡ Others, a more heroic part,
By juſt revenge to fury led,
Have plung'd it in a huſband's heart,
And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.
Tho' laurels are *their* meed, 'tis true,
Let milder females have their due,

And

* *The Pope*, &c.] Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

† *Some* } Of theſe two aſſertions the Author does not
‡ *Others* } chooſe to give examples, as *Some* might be thought fabulous, and *Others* invidious.

And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
Who * ſuck'd the poiſon from the wound.
For folks there are who don't admire
In angel forms that ſoul of fire,
Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and ſcars
On limbs beſt fram'd for ſofter wars.
Nay now, ſo ſqueamiſh men are grown,
Their manners are ſo like your own,
That, tho' no Spartan dames we view
Thump'd, cuff'd, and wreſtled black and blue,
Ev'n ſlighter blemiſhes offend
Sometimes the Fair one's fondeſt friend.
Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
The dangers of the Sylvan War,
When foremoſt in the chaſe you ride
Some headlong ſteed, you cannot guide,
And owe, by Providence, or Chance,
Your ſafety to your ignorance.

But

* *Suck'd the poiſon*] Whether the ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, wife to Edward the Iſt of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor Croſſes exiſting at preſent are a ſufficient teſtimony of her huſband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

But ah! the conſequential ill
Might *there* reſtrain ev'n woman's will.
The furrow plough'd by * Tyburn hat
On the fair forehead's Parian flat;
The freckles, blotches, and parch'd ſkins,
The worms, which like black-headed pins
Peep through the damaſk cheek, or riſe
On noſes bloated out of ſize,
Are things which females ought to dread.—
But you know beſt, and I proceed.
Some Sages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
Calls † "cunning women knaviſh fools."
—Your pardon—I but barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.
In learning, doubtleſs, you have ſhin'd
The Paragons of human kind.

* *Tyburn hat*] The ſmall round hat, which acquired its name from its being the diſtinguiſhing mark of a pick-pocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

† *Cunning woman*] "A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool."
Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

Each abſtract ſcience have explor'd;
Have pierc'd thro' Nature's coyeſt hoard;
And cropp'd the lovelieſt flowers that blow
On ſteep Parnaſſus' double brow.
And yet what ſmall remains we find!
* Aſpaſia left no tracts behind;
Content her doctrines to impart,
As oral truths, warm from the heart.
And ill-bred Time has ſwept away
Full many a grave and ſprightly lay,
Full many a tome of juſt renown
Fram'd by the numerous Fair, who ſhone
Poetic or hiſtoric Queens,
From Sappho down to † Anne Comnenes.
In modern days, the female pen
Is paramount, and copes with men.

Ladies

* *Aſpaſia*] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were moſt of them her lovers too, and conſequently received inſtruction in the moſt agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

† *Anne Comnenes*] A Princeſs of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Conſtantinople, during the time of the firſt Cruſades. She wrote the hiſtory of her father's long reign, and is ranked amongſt the Byzantine hiſtorians.

Ladies have led th' inſtructive crew,
And kindly told us all they knew.
In France, in Britain, many a ſcore.—
I mention none—to praiſe the more.
And yet in that ſame little iſle
I view, with a peculiar ſmile,
And wiſh to name a choſen few:
A — —, or a —— — —,
Or—But I won't. It envy raiſes.
Few men can bear each other's praiſes,
And in the Fair one would not ſee
A *Genus irritabile.*

Swift ſays, a clever ſchool-boy's fame
Is all at which the Sex ſhould aim.
It may be ſo, and *He* be wiſe—
But *I* authorities deſpiſe.
Men cannot judge in ſuch affairs.
I grant *your* talents great as theirs.
Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
Your ſenſe more *moral* and *refin'd*;
And ſhould ye from ſtrict reaſoning ſwerve,
You ſtill have conqueſt in reſerve.

If arguments are ſometimes ſlight,
* " Your eyes are always in the right."
In love your empire is ſupreme,
The Hero's palm, the Poet's theme.
Nor will we dare to fix a date
When that ſoft empire yields to fate.
At ſeventy great Eliza lov'd,
Tho' coy perhaps † her heroes prov'd,
And ‡ Ninon had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again,

Let

* *Your eyes*, &c.] A line of Prior.

† *Her heroes*] Eſſex and Courtney.

‡ *Ninon*] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French Abbé, of the name of Gedoyne, had long ſolicited her favours, and was rather aſtoniſhed at her coyneſs. When ſhe yielded at laſt, ſhe begged his pardon for ſo dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuſe, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after ſhe was fourſcore; that ſhe had only compleated her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empreſſment* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgement of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment laſted, the Author of this poem has modeſtly left undetermined.

Let Gedoyne the juſt æra fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-ſix.
One little hint, before we cloſe
This tedious ſoporific doſe,
One little hint we chooſe to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As huſbands, tho' on ſmall pretence,
Are wond'rous jealous of their ſenſe,
Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
The great accompliſhments you feel.
Then ſcreen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze call'd modeſty;
At leaſt with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are ſure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, juſtly claim
Your genuine ſhare of power and fame;
Be every thing your conſcious merit
Inſpires, and with becoming ſpirit
Expand each paſſion of the heart,
Each talent nature gives exert;

Be wiſe, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
But *keep your ſex*, and * HIDE THE BEARD.

Ladies, your ſlave.—The Dames withdrew.
Now, Gentlemen, I turn to you.
You heard the leſſons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,
And ſneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the Fair.
When your important cauſe comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.
Is there a fault in Womankind
You did not make, or ſtrive to find?
To riſe on *your* defects you teach them,
And loſe *your* virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,

With

* *Hide the Beard*] A certain Grecian Painter, who had uſually exerted his talents on laſcivious ſubjects, was commanded by the State under which he lived, to atone for his errors, by forming a piece which ſhould damp the moſt licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus with all the charms his imagination could ſuggeſt, and then, to make her totally diſguſting, clapped her on a beard.

With tenderneſs exert your ſway,
And mildly win them to OBEY?
Had Cæſar, Antony, been men,
We ſcarce had heard of * Egypt's Queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a ſlave great Philip's ſon;
Nor did † Alcides learn to ſpin
'Till he put off the Lion's ſkin.
Henry the fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame)
Had frailties, which the meaneſt clown,
Of native ſenſe would bluſh to own.
D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vaſſal to a ——.
Nothing could tame the headſtrong lad,
Whoſe pure good-nature was run mad.
Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And ‡ Sully, teaz'd and preach'd in vain.

Nothing

* *Egypt's Queen.*] Cleopatra.

† *Alcides.*] His condeſcenſions to Omphale are well known.

‡ *Sully.*] See his Memoirs.

Nothing could ſtop th' inſatiate rage,
Not even the haſty * ſnow of age;
Not even his laſt provoking † wife,
That fire-brand of perpetual ſtrife,
Who ſet half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.
In what the world calls politics
You teach the Fair a thouſand tricks.
Full many a miſtreſs of a King,
At firſt a plain unheeded thing,
But ſwells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
'Till, to diſtreſs a weaker brother,
You play her off againſt each other;

Improve

* *Snow of Age.*] He was very early grey.

† *Provoking wife.*] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing ſpirit, with a very mean underſtanding. That ſhe was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs ſufficiently teſtify. The diſturbances ſhe raiſed at home, and the cabals ſhe entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the ſecond poſition. The laſt ſhe muſt have ſeverely felt, for ſhe died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme miſery.

Improve the ſex's natives wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and ſmiles;
Flatter her pride, or peeviſhneſs,
'Till ſhe, elated by ſucceſs,
Feels her own force, and bolder grown
By your inſtructions, acts alone;
Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.
The ſecond Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that ſhould improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Diſtreſs was thrown away upon him;
The ſame unfeeling thoughtleſs thing,
Whether an exile, or a King.
Cleaveland and Portſmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but ſilly creatures,

Play'd off like ſhuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom!)
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home.
Of all who ſooth'd his * idle hours
(To wave his *en paſſant* amours)
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their ſhame,
Spite of her † frolics and expence,
Nell Guyn alone had common ſenſe.
Of Gaming little ſhall be ſaid,
You're ſurfeited upon that head.

What

* *Idle hours.*] There was as much of lazineſs as of love in all thoſe hours which he paſſed amongſt his miſtreſſes; who ſerved only to fill up his ſeraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleaſure, called Sauntering, was the Sultana Queen he delighted in.

Duke of Buckinghamſhire's Character of Charles the Second.

† *Frolics and expence.*] Biſhop Burnet, in his Hiſtory of his Own Times, ſays of Mrs. Guyn, that ſhe was the indiſcreeteſt and wildeſt creature that ever was in a Court, yet continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vaſt expence.

He might have added, to her credit, that ſhe never meddled at all with the wretched politics of thoſe times.

What arguments can move the mind
Where folly is with madneſs join'd?
What ſober reaſoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
" Burn not the taper at both ends."
Why muſt your Wives be taught by you
That needleſs art to ſquander too?
Whene'er they ſhew their bracelet ſtrings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It ſhould be in a quiet way;
Ladies ſhould piddle, and not play.
You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to loſe in half an hour
What coſt your anceſtors with pain
At leaſt full half an age to gain.
Then let your ſpouſes (to be grave)
For coals and candles ſomething ſave,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind appointers.
Learning—you ſcarce know what it is.
Then put the queſtion, and 'tis this:

True learning is the mind's good breeding,
Tis Common Senſe improv'd by reading.
If Common Senſe, that corner-ſtone,
Is wanting, let the reſt alone.
Better be fools without pretence,
Than coxcombs even of eminence.
* Eve from her huſband's lips preferr'd
What ſhe from angels might have heard,
And wiſely choſe to underſtand
Exalted truths at ſecond hand.
Should your ſoft mates adopt her notions,
And for inſtruction wait *your* motions,

To -

* *Eve.*] In the eighth book of Paradiſe Loſt, whilſt Adam was converſing with Raphael,

—and by his countenance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe—

Eve retired.

Yet went ſhe not as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—

But becauſe,

Her huſband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel.—

The Poet aſſigns a reaſon for it,

—From *his* lip
Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

To what improvements would they reach?
—Lord bleſs you, what have *you* to teach?
Yes, one thing, I confeſs, you deal in,
And read in fairly without ſpelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is ſuch,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, ſpirit, and in fate
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deſerting common ſenſe
For metaphyſic excellence.
And yet whate'er you ſay, or ſing,
Religion is a ſerious thing.
At leaſt to *me*, you will allow,
A Deity, it muſt be ſo.
Then let me whiſper—" Don't perplex
" With ſpecious doubts the weaker ſex.
" Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
" Free-thinking is not ſport for Ladies."
Is't not enough *you* read Voltaire,
Whilſt ſneering valets frizz your hair,
And half aſleep, with half an eye
Steal in dear infidelity?

Is't

Is't not enough Helvetius' ſchemes
Elucidate *your* waking dreams,
(Tho' each who on the doctrine doats
Skips o'er the text, to ſkim the notes)
Why muſt the Fair be made the wiſe
Partakers of your myſteries?
You'll ſay they liſten to your chat.
I grant them fools, but what of that?
Your prudence ſure might be ſo civil
To let your females fear the *devil*.
Even for the comfort of your lives
Some muſt be Mothers, Daughters, Wives;
Howe'er it with *your* genius ſuits,
They ſhould not *all* be proſtitutes.
Firm as the ſage Lucretius draws
Above Religion, Morals, Laws,
Secure (tho' at a proper diſtance)
Of that *great bleſſing* NON-EXISTENCE,
You triumph; each a Deity
In all, *but* immortality.
Why therefore will ye condeſcend
To teaze a weak believing friend,

Whoſe

Whoſe honeſt ignorance might gain
From error a relief in pain,
And bear with fortitude and honour
The miſeries *you* brought upon her?
Momus perhaps would ſlily ſay,
For Momus has a *merry* way,
Why will your *wiſdom* and your *wit*
To ſuch degrading tricks ſubmit?
Why in ſoft boſoms raiſe a riot?
Can't ye be d—mn'd yourſelves in quiet?
But that's an after-thought; at preſent
We merely wiſh you to be decent.
And juſt will add ſome trifling things,
From whence, *We* think, confuſion ſprings.

You'll eaſily conceive in Gods,
Who fix in air their thin abodes,
And feaſt on incenſe, and ambroſia,
Foul feeding muſt create a nauſea.
Yet we ourſelves to fleſh and blood
Have granted more ſubſtantial food,

Nor

Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
All but the poor are Epicures,
And reaſon from effects to cauſes,
On Roti's, Entremets, and Sauces.
But here be wiſe, the reaſon's clear,
Be niggards of your knowledge here,
And to yourſelves alone confine
That firſt of bleſſings, how to dine.
For ſhould the Fair *your* taſte purſue,
And eating be *their* ſcience too,
Should they too catch this naſty trick,
(The bare idea makes me ſick)
What would become of Nature's boaſt?
Their beauty, and their ſex were loſt.
—I turn diſguſted from the ſcene,—
She-Gluttons are *She*-Aldermen.
Another precept lingers yet,
To make the tireſome group compleat.
In all your commerce with the Sex,
Whether you mean to pleaſe, or vex.
If not well-bred, at leaſt be civil;
Ill manners are a catching evil.

I ſpeak to the ſuperior few.
—Ye Britiſh youths, I ſpeak to you.
The ancient heroes of Romance,
Idolaters in complaiſance,
So hit the Sex's deareſt whim,
So rais'd them in their own eſteem,
That ev'ry conſcious worth increas'd,
And every foible ſunk to reſt.
Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following ſect
Reſtrain'd them by profound reſpect;
Politely graſp'd the ſilken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.
But now, when *you* appear before 'em,
You want all deference and decorum;
And, conſcious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and ſlouch your hat;
Or, careleſs of the circling throng,
Thro' full aſſemblies lounge along,
And on a couch politely throw
Your liſtleſs limbs without a bow,

While all the Fair, like Sheba's Queen,
Croud eager to the inviting ſcene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang
To hear their Solomon's harangue.
No doubt 'tis edifying ſtuff,
(For gentle ears are cannon-proof)
And wiſe the doctrines which you teach.
But your examples more than preach:
For 'tis from hence your high-bred laſſes
Loſe, or deſpiſe, their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
The modeſt dignity of yore,
The ſtep chaſtis'd, is ſeen no more.
They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
A curt'sy is a thing forgot.
Th' affected ſtare, the thruſt-out chin,
The leer, the titter, and the grin,
Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
"And lov'd to live in dimple ſleek."
Nay, ſome who boaſt their ſixteen quarters
One might miſtake for chandlers daughters.

Ah,

Ah, could theſe triflers of a day
Know what their maſters think and ſay,
When o'er their claret they debate
Each pretty victim's future fate;
With what contempt and malice fraught
They ſneer the follies they have taught;
How deep a bluſh their cheek would fire!
Their little breaſts would burſt with ire;
And the moſt heedleſs mawkin there,
The lovelieſt idiot, drop a tear.

Virtues have ſexes, paſt a doubt,
Mythologiſts have mark'd them out;
Nor yet in excellence alone
Have this peculiar difference ſhown:
Your vices—that's too hard a name—
Your Follies—ſhould not be the ſame.
In every plant, in every grain
Of Nature's genuine works we find
Some innate eſſences remain
Which mark the ſpecies and the kind.

Tho' forms may vary, round or ſquare,
Be ſmooth, be rough, be regular;
Tho' colours ſeparate or unite,
The ſport of ſuperficial light;
Yet is there *Something*, That, or This,
By Nature's kind indulgence ſown,
Which makes each thing be what it is,
A Tree a Tree, a Stone a Stone.
So in each ſex diſtinct and clear
A genuine *Something* ſhould appear,
A *Je ne ſai quoi*, however ſlight,
To vindicate the natural right.

Then, Sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
Be this concluſion fairly drawn:
Sexes are *proper*, and not *common*;
Man *muſt* be Man, and Woman Woman.
In ſhort, be Coxcombs if you pleaſe,
Be arrant Ladies in your dreſs;
Be every name the vulgar give
To what their groſſneſs can't conceive;
Yet one ſmall favour let me aſk,
Not to impoſe too hard a taſk—

Whether

Whether you fix your fancied reign
In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
The little *Something* ſtill retain.
Be Gameſters, Gluttons, Jockies, Grooms,
Be all which Nature never meant,
Free-thinkers in the full extent,
But ah! for *Something* be rever'd,
And *keep your Sex*, and SHOW THE BEARD.

VENUS

VENUS

ATTIRING THE GRACES.

In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely.

MILTON.

To her Grace the Dutcheſs of QUEENSBURY *.

SAY, ſhall a Bard in theſe late times
Dare to addreſs his trivial rhimes
To Her, whom PRIOR, POPE, and GAY,
And every Bard, who breath'd a lay
Of happier vein, was fond to chooſe
The Patroneſs of every Muſe?

Say, can he hope that You, the theme
Of partial SWIFT's ſevere eſteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence ſhould receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve.

* In the firſt edition of this little Poem the name was not printed. As the Dutcheſs is ſince dead, it cannot be neceſſary to conceal it. She was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her, which was ſingularly well adapted, as her Grace never changed her dreſs according to the faſhion, but retained that which had been in vogue when ſhe was a young beauty.

He will; and boldly ſay in print
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint;
Who told him that the preſent ſcene
Of dreſs, and each prepoſterous faſhion,
Flow'd from ſupineneſs in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That Women were oblig'd to try
All ſtratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the Fair.—
This *may* be true—But have a care;
Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own aſſertion, and *my* ſong,
Whoſe Beauty, undiſguis'd by art,
Has charm'd ſo much, and charm'd ſo long.

VENUS
ATTIRING THE GRACES.

AS VENUS one day, at her toilet affairs,
With the Graces attending, adjuſted her airs,
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As * GUIDO has painted the beautiful group,
(For GUIDO, no doubt, in idea at leaſt,
Had ſeen all the Graces and VENUS undreſt)
Half penſive, half ſmiling, the Goddeſs of Beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their duty,
And ſurely, ſhe cry'd, you have ſtrangely miſcarry'd,
That not one of the three ſhould have ever been marry'd.
Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, ſtraight noſes,
And cheeks that might rival AURORA's own roſes;
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languiſh, or roll,
To enliven or ſoften the elegant whole.
The ſweet auburn treſſes, that ſhade what they deck,
The ſhoulders, that fall from the delicate neck:

* The celebrated picture of VENUS *attired* by the Graces.

The poliſh'd round arm, which *my* ſtatues might own,
And the lovely contour which deſcends from the zone.

Then how it ſhould happen I cannot divine:
Either you are too coy, or the Gods too ſupine.
I believe 'tis the latter; for every ſoft boſom
Muſt have it's attachments, and wiſh to diſcloſe 'em.
Some lovers not beauty but novelty warms,
They have ſeen you ſo often they're tir'd of your charms.
But I'll find out a method their languor to move,
And at leaſt make them ſtare, if I can't make them love.

* Come here, you two girls, that look full in my face,
And you that ſo often are turning your back,
Put on theſe cork rumps, and then tighten your ſtays
'Till your hips, and your ribs, and the ſtrings themſelves crack.
Can ye ſpeak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—Then 'twill do.
You have often dreſs'd *me*, and for once I'll dreſs *you*.

Don't

* Alluding to the uſual repreſentation of the Graces.

Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But ſtretch them up tight 'till each hair ſtands an end.
One, two, nay three cuſhions, like Cybele's tow'rs;
Then a few ells of gauze, and ſome baſkets of flow'rs.
Theſe bottles of nectar will ſerve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that's not enough, you may ſtrip all the fowls,
My doves, JUNO's peacocks, and PALLAS's owls.
And ſtay, from JOVE's eagle, if * napping you take him,
You may ſnatch a few quills—but be ſure you don't wake him. Hold!

* *Napping*—The ſleeping Eagle in PINDAR. Thus tranſlated by WEST.

Perch'd on the ſcepter of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eye-lid ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

Thus imitated by AKENSIDE.

With ſlackened wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,

Incumbent

Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and proteſt
If I don't watch you cloſely you'll ſpoil the whole jeſt.
What I have diſorder'd you ſtill ſet to rights,
And ſeem half unwilling to make yourſelves frights.
What I am concealing you want to diſplay;
But it ſhan't ſerve the turn, for I will have my way.
Thoſe crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your chins,
And the heels of your ſlippers are broader than pins.
You can ſtand, you can walk, like the girls in the ſtreet;
Thoſe buckles won't do, they ſcarce cover your feet.
Here, run to the Cyclops, you Boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—

* * *

Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll ſwear, as ye paſs,
I can ſcarcely help laughing—Don't look in the glaſs.
Thoſe

Incumbent o'er the ſcepter of his Lord
Sleeps the ſtern Eagle; by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of Birds.

And

Thoſe tittering Boys ſhall be whipt if they teaze you;
So, come away, Girls. From your torments to eaſe you,
We'll haſte to Olympus, and get the thing over;
I have *not* the leaſt doubt but you'll each find a lover.
And if it ſucceeds, with a torrent of mirth
We'll peſter their Godſhips agen, and agen;
Then ſend the receipt to the Ladies on Earth,
And bid *them* become Monſters, till Men become Men.

And thus by GRAY.

Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of JOVE, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

POEMS

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

ON THE LATE

IMPROVEMENTS

AT

NUNEHAM,

The SEAT *of the Earl of* HARCOURT*.

DAME Nature, the Goddeſs, one very bright day,
In ſtrolling thro' Nuneham, met Brown in her way,
And bleſs me, ſhe ſaid, with an inſolent ſneer,
I wonder that fellow will dare to come here.
What more than I *did* has your impudence plann'd?
The lawn, wood, and water, are all of my hand;
In my very beſt manner, with Themis's ſcales,
I lifted the hills, and I ſcoop'd out the vales;

* Mr. Whitehead had, when theſe verſes were firſt written, given permiſſion to Lord Harcourt to inſert them in a private and more accurate impreſſion of that part of the Oxford Guide, which gives a deſcription of his ſeat, pictures, &c. This, therefore, authoriſes their preſent publication. M.

With Sylvan's own umbrage I grac'd ev'ry brow,
And pour'd the rich Thames thro' the meadows below.

I grant it, he cry'd; to your ſov'reign command
I bow, as I ought.—Gentle Lady, your hand;
The weather's inviting, ſo let us move on;
You know what you *did*, and now ſee what I've done.
I, with gratitude, own you have reaſon to plead,
That to theſe happy ſcenes you were bounteous indeed:
My lovely materials were many and great!
(For ſometimes, you know, I'm oblig'd to create)
But ſay in return, my adorable dame,
To all you ſee here, can you lay a juſt claim?
Were there no ſlighter parts, which you finiſh'd in haſte,
Or left, like a friend, to give ſcope to my taſte?
Who drew o'er the ſurface, did you, or did I,
The ſmooth-flowing outline, that ſteals from the eye, *

The

* The two firſt words in this couplet have identical rather than correſponding ſounds, and therefore only appear to rhyme. This defect, however, may eaſily be removed by tranſpoſing the two verſes and reading them thus:

That ſweet flowing outline, that ſteals from the view,
Who drew o'er the ſurface, did I, or did you? M.

The ſoft undulations, both diſtant and near,
That heave from the lawns, and yet ſcarcely appear?
(So bends the ripe harveſt the breezes beneath,
As if earth was in ſlumber and gently took breath)
Who thinn'd, and who group'd, and who ſcatter'd thoſe trees,
Who bad the ſlopes fall with that delicate eaſe,
Who caſt them in ſhade, and who plac'd them in light,
Who bade them divide, and who bade them unite?
The ridges are melted, the boundaries gone:
Obſerve all theſe changes, and candidly own
I have cloath'd you when naked, and, when overdreſt,
I have ſtripp'd you again to your boddice and veſt;
Conceal'd ev'ry blemiſh, each beauty diſplay'd,
As Reynolds would picture ſome exquiſite maid,
Each ſpirited feature would happily place,
And ſhed o'er the whole inexpreſſible grace.

One queſtion remains. Up the green of yon ſteep,
Who threw the bold walk with that elegant ſweep?
—There is little to ſee, till the ſummit we gain;
Nay, never draw back, you may climb without pain,
And,

And, I hope, will perceive how each object is caught,
And is loſt, in exactly the point where it ought.
That ground of your moulding is certainly fine,
But the ſwell of that knoll, and thoſe openings are mine.
The proſpect, wherever beheld, muſt be good,
But has ten times its charms, when you burſt from this wood,
A wood of my planting. The goddeſs cried, hold!
'Tis grown very hot, and 'tis grown very cold:
She fann'd, and ſhe ſhudder'd, ſhe cough'd, and ſhe ſneez'd,
Inclin'd to be angry, inclin'd to be pleas'd,
Half ſmil'd, and half pouted—then turn'd from the view,
And dropp'd him a curt'ſie, and bluſhing withdrew.

Yet ſoon recollecting her thoughts, as ſhe paſs'd,
" I may have my revenge on this fellow at laſt:
" For a lucky conjecture comes into my head,
" That, whate'er he has done, and whate'er he has ſaid,

" The

"The world's little malice will balk his design:
"Each fault they'll call his, and each excellence
mine." *

* Altho' the perſonification of NATURE has been common to ſeveral Poets, when they meant to compliment an artiſt that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herſelf like that moſt unnatural of all created Beings, A MODERN FINE LADY, muſt be allowed to be a thought both very bold and truly original, and the Poet has, I think, executed it with much genuine humour. M.

TO

TO

LADY NUNEHAM,

Now Counteſs of HARCOURT,

On the *Death* of her *Siſter*, the Hon. CATHERINE VENABLES VERNON, June, 1775.

MILD as the opening morn's ſereneſt ray,
Mild as the cloſe of ſummer's ſofteſt day,
Her form, her virtues, (fram'd alike to pleaſe
With artleſs grace and unaſſuming eaſe)
On every breaſt their mingling influence ſtole,
And in ſweet union breath'd one beauteous whole.

Oft, o'er a Siſter's much-lamented bier,
Has genuine anguiſh pour'd the kindred tear:
Oft, on a dear-lov'd Friend's untimely grave,
Have ſunk in ſpeechleſs grief, the Wiſe and Brave.

—Ah

—Ah hapleſs Thou! for whoſe ſeverer woe
Death arm'd with double force his fatal blow,
Condemn'd—(Juſt heav'n! for what myſterious end)
To loſe at once the Siſter and the Friend!*

* The firſt ſix lines of this elegant elegiac Poem are inſcribed on a neat marble tablet, (ſimilar to that of Mrs. Pritchard's monument in Weſtminſter-Abbey) which is placed in the Chancel of the Pariſh Church of Sudbury in Staffordſhire, and the four following added, inſtead of what is here perſonally addreſſed to the preſent Lady Harcourt.

This fair example to the world was lent,
As the ſhort leſſon of a life well ſpent;
Alas, how ſhort! but bounteous heav'n beſt knows
When to reclaim the bleſſings it beſtows. M.

THE

BATTLE

OF

ARGOED LLWYFAIN.

THE following is a tranſlation of a Poem of Taliesin, King of the Bards, and is a deſcription of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a King of North Britain, and Urien Reged, King of Cumbria, againſt Fflamdwyn, a Saxon General, ſuppoſed to be Ida, King of Northumberland: It is inſerted in Jones's Hiſtorical Account of the Welch Bards, publiſhed in 1784, and is thus introduced by the author: "I am indebted to the obliging diſpoſition and undiminiſhed powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated verſification of this valuable antique."

To this commendation from Mr. Jones, who certainly could judge beſt of the fidelity of the verſion, and with whom I agree as to the other epithet, I have only to add, that I think no critic will deal candidly, who, in eſtimating the poetical merit of this piece in general, ſhall compare it with thoſe imitations which Mr. Gray made of the *Scaldic* odes. The wild mythology of the EDDA, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themſelves, and ſets them above what he himſelf has produced from *Cambro-Britiſh* Originals. M.

THE

THE

BATTLE

OF

ARGOED LLWYFAIN*.

MORNING roſe; the iſſuing ſun
Saw the dreadful fight begun;
And that ſun's deſcending ray
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.

Fflamdwyn pour'd his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous hoſt, from ſide to ſide,
Spread deſtruction wild and wide,

From

* This is the laſt of the great battles of Urien Reged, celebrated by Talieſſin in poems now extant. *See Carte's Hiſtory of England*, p. 211 and 213.

From Argoed's * ſummits, foreſt-crown'd,
To ſteep Arfynydd's † utmoſt bound.
Short their triumph, ſhort their ſway,
Born and ended with the day!
Fluſh'd with conqueſt Fflamdwyn ſaid,
Boaſtful at his army's head,
" Strive not to oppoſe the ſtream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.
Give me pledges Fflamdwyn cried;
Never, Urien's ſon replied,
Owen ‡ of the mighty ſtroke:
Kindling, as the hero ſpoke,
Cenau ‖, Coel's blooming heir
Caught the flame and graſp'd the ſpear;

Shall

* A part of Cumbria, the country of Prince Llywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.

† Some place on the borders of Northumberland.

‡ Owen ap Urien acted as his father's general.

‖ Cenau led to the aſſiſtance of Urien Reged, the forces of his father Coel Godhebog, King of a Northern tract, called Godden, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel were in the number of Arthur's Knights. *See Lewis's Hiſtory of Britain*, p. 201.

Shall Coel's iſſue pledges give
To the inſulting foe, and live?
Never ſuch be Britons' ſhame,
Never, till this mangled frame
Like ſome vanquiſh'd lion lie,
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.

Day advanc'd: and ere the ſun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with freſh ſupplies;
Riſe, ye ſons of Cambria, riſe,
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow,
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war,
Ruſh like torrents down the ſteep,
Thro' the vales in myriads ſweep,
Fflamdwyn never can ſuſtain
The force of our united train."

Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcaſe ſtrew'd the ground:

Ravens

Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;
Frighted crouds from place to place
  Eager, hurrying, breathleſs, pale,
Spread the news of their diſgrace,
  Trembling as they told the tale.

  Theſe are Talieſſin's rhimes,
Theſe ſhall live to diſtant times,
And the Bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.

  Child of ſorrow, child of pain,
Never may I ſmile again,
If 'till all-ſubduing death
Cloſe theſe eyes, and ſtop this breath,
Ever I forget to raiſe
My grateful ſongs to Urien's praiſe!

ODE

O D E

FOR

His MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1776.

IN the collection of Poems which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to ſelect certain of his New-Year and Birth-Day Odes for re-publication. Beginning, therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the aſſiſtance of ſome friends, whoſe taſte in lyrical compoſition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and thoſe which we beſt approved are here inſerted. In this review it is to be noted, to the Poet's honour, that we found more variety of ſentiment and expreſſion, than could well be expected from ſuch an uniformity of ſubject. If we lamented the neceſſity he was under, of ſo frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it: Should, therefore, the Odes here re-printed lead any perſon to read all that he compoſed, in compliance with the forms of his office, (and all are to be found in the Annual Regiſter printed by Dodſley) I perſuade myſelf he muſt agree with me in thinking, that no Court Poet ever had fewer *courtly ſtains*, and that his Page is, at the leaſt, as *white as Addiſon's*.

ODE

O D E

FOR

His MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1776.

YE Weſtern gales, whoſe genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath
One verdant livery wears:
You ſoothe the ſultry heats of noon,
Add ſoftneſs to the ſetting ſun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your ſeaſon, lovely gales,
Through æther now your power prevails;
And our dilated breaſts ſhall own
The joys which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in yon dubious ſky,
With outſpread wing, and eager eye
On diſtant ſcenes intent,
"Sits Expectation in the air"——
Why do alternate hope and fear
Suſpend ſome great event?

Can Britain fail?—The thought were vain!
The powerful Empreſs of the main
But ſtrives to ſmooth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conqueſt ſtain'd with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Through nature ſpreads a general calm,
While yet a pauſe fell Diſcord knows;
Catch the ſoft moments of repoſe,
Your genuine powers exert;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every boſom to be kind,
And humanize the heart.

Propitious

Propitious gales, O wing your way!
And whilſt we hail that rightful ſway
Whence temper'd freedom ſprings,
The bliſs we feel, to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings!——

O D E

For his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1777.

DRIVEN out from Heaven's ethereal domes,
On earth inſatiate Diſcord roams,
And ſpreads her baleful influence far:
On wretched man her ſcorpion ſtings
Around th' inſidious fury flings,
Corroding every bliſs, and ſharp'ning every care.
Hence, Demon, hence! in tenfold night
Thy ſtygian ſpells employ,
Nor with thy preſence blaſt the light,
Of that auſpicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

But

But come, thou ſofter deity,
Faireſt Unanimity!
Not more fair the ſtar that leads
Bright Aurora's glowing ſteeds,
Or on Heſper's front that ſhines,
When the gariſh day declines;
Bring thy uſual train along,
Feſtive dance, and choral ſong,
Looſe-robed Sport, from folly free,
And Mirth, chaſtiſed by decency,

Enough of war the penſive muſe has ſung,
Enough of ſlaughter trembled on her tongue;
Fairer proſpects let her bring,
Than hoſtile fields and ſcenes of blood;
If happier hours are on the wing,
Wherefore damp the coming good?
If again our tears muſt flow,
Why foreſtall the future woe?
Bright-ey'd Hope, thy pleaſing power
Gilds at leaſt the preſent hour,

Every

Every anxious thought beguiles,
Dreſſes every face in ſmiles,
Nor lets one tranſient cloud the bliſs deſtroy,
Of that auſpicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

O D E

For his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1778.

ARM'D with her native force, behold,
How proudly through each martial plain
Britannia ſtalks! "'twas thus of old,
"My warlike ſons, a gallant train,
"Call'd forth their genuine ſtrength, and ſpread
"Their banners o'er the tented mead;
"'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to yield,"
She cries, and ſhews the lilies on her ſhield.

Yes, Goddeſs, yes! 'twas thus of old,
The Muſe replies, thy Barons bold

Led

Led forth their native troops and ſpread
Their banners o'er the tented mead.
But nobler now the zeal that warms
Each patriot breaſt: For Freedom's reign
Has burſt the Norman's feudal chain,
And giv'n new force to Glory's charms.
No vaſſal bands
Riſe at a tyrant lord's commands:
'Tis for themſelves, with honeſt rage,
The voluntary youths engage;
To guard their ſacred homes they fight,
And in their own aſſert the public right.

Bound by choice, and choice alone,
Their leaders, and their laws are both their own;
Laws obey'd, becauſe approv'd,
And chiefs that rule, becauſe belov'd.
'Tis hence that flaſh of virtuous pride,
Which Britain's ſons diſdain to hide,
Glows on their cheeks, and thro' their eyes,
In active fire, the foe defies.

'Tis

'Tis hence, at home, they claim and find
Th' undoubted rights of human kind;
And, while they own a juſt control,
But yield a part to guard the whole.
'Tis hence they ſpurn a ſervile chain,
While tyrant man's deſpotic reign
Enſlaves the peopled earth;
And hence, with equal zeal obey,
A father King, and hail the day,
Which gave ſuch monarchs birth.

O D E

For the NEW-YEAR,

JANUARY 1, 1779.

TO arms, to arms, ye ſons of might,
And hail with ſounds of war the new-born year!
Britannia, from her rocky height,
Points to the Gallic coaſt, and lifts her ſpear.

Th' immortal hatred, which by turns
Wakes and ſleeps, with fury burns:
New cauſe of juſt offence has Albion found,
And lo, it bleeds afreſh, th' eternal wound!

Though great in war, of ſkill poſſeſt,
Though native courage fire their breaſt
With ardour for the public weal,
One want, at leaſt, our rivals feel,
The want of freedom damps each gen'rous aim,
Whoe'er the Lord they ſerve, th' oppreſſion is the ſame.

Power deſpotic rarely knows,
Rarely heeds a ſubject's woes,
By force it claims, with graſping hand,
Whate'er Ambition dares demand:
The ravag'd merchant, plunder'd ſwain,
May pour their weak complaints in vain;
Their private ſorrows are their own;
A tyrant feels not, though a people groan.

O happier far the well-mix'd ſtate,
Which blends the monarch's with the ſubject's fate,
And links the ſcepter to the ſpade!
The ſtroke which wounds the lowlieſt clown
Is inſult to the Britiſh Crown,
And he attacks our rights who dares the throne invade.
One common flame, one active ſoul
Pervades, and animates the whole;
One heart, one hand, directs the blow,
And hurls the vollied vengeance on the foe.

O D E

For his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1781.

STILL does the rage of war prevail,
Still thirſts for blood th' inſatiate ſpear?
Waft not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,

That paſſion baffles reaſon's boaſted reign,
And half the peopled world is civiliz'd in vain.
What are morals, what are laws,
What Religion's ſacred name?
Nor morals ſoften, nor religion awes:
Pure, though the precepts flow, the actions are the ſame.
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And avarice tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury fiends that wait,
As torturing plagues, on human kind,
When ſhewn in their own native light,
In Truth's clear mirrour heav'nly bright,
Like real monſters riſe;
But let illuſion's powerful wand
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,
They cheat us in diſguiſe;
We dreſs their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them Glory, and purſue the blaze.
O blind to nature's ſocial plan,
And heaven's indulgent end!

Her

Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bleſs,
Bids ſtrife and diſcord ceaſe;
" Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace."
E'en this auſpicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy ſerene;
And not one ruffling gale of care
Diſturb the halcyon ſcene;
On lighter wings would Zephyrs move,
The ſun with added luſter ſhine,
Did Peace deſcending from above,
Here fix her heavenly ſhrine;
Here to the monarch's fondeſt prayer,
A juſt attention yield,
And let him change the ſword of war,
For her protecting ſhield.

ODE

O D E

For the NEW-YEAR,

JANUARY 1, 1783.

YE Nations, hear the important tale——
Tho' armies preſs, tho' fleets aſſail,
Tho' vengeful War's collected ſtores
At once united Bourbon pours——
Unmov'd amidſt th' inſulting bands,
Emblem of Britain, Calpe ſtands—
Th' all-conquering hoſts their baffled efforts mourn,
And, tho' the wreath's prepared, unwreath'd the chief's return.

Ye nations, hear! nor fondly deem
Britannia's antient ſpirit fled;
Or gloſing weep her ſetting beam,
Whoſe fierce meridian rays her rivals dread—
Her Genius ſlept—her Genius wakes—
Nor ſtrength deſerts her, nor high Heav'n forſakes.

To

To Heaven ſhe bends, and Heaven alone,
Who all her wants, her weakneſs knows,
And ſupplicates th' eternal throne,
To ſpare her crimes, and heal her woes.
Proud man with vengeance ſtill
Purſues, and aggravates e'en fancied ill;
Far gentler means offended Heav'n employs,
With mercy Heaven corrects——chaſtiſes, not
deſtroys.

When hope's laſt gleam can hardly dare
To pierce the gloom and ſoothe deſpair;
When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,
In act to cleave th' offended ſky,
Its iſſuing wrath can Heaven repreſs,
And win to virtue by ſucceſs.
Then O! to Heaven's protecting hand
Be praiſe, be prayer addreſt,
Whoſe mercy bids a guilty land
Be virtuous, and be bleſt!

So

So ſhall the riſing year regain
The erring ſeaſons wonted chain;
The rolling months that gird the ſphere,
Again their wonted liveries wear;
And health breathe freſh in every gale,
And plenty cloath each ſmiling vale
With all the bleſſings nature yields
To temperate ſuns from fertile fields.

So ſhall the proud be taught to bow,
Pale Envy's fierce contentions ceaſe,
The ſea once more its ſovereign know,
And glory gild the wreath of Peace.

O D E

For the NEW-YEAR,

JANUARY 1, 1784.

ENOUGH of arms—to happier ends
Her forward view Britannia bends;
The gen'rous hoſts, who graſp'd the ſword,
Obedient to her awful word,

Tho'

Tho' martial glory ceaſe,
Shall now, with equal induſtry,
Like Rome's brave ſons, when Rome was free,
Reſume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wand'rers, come
To genial hearths, and ſocial home,
The tender houſewife's buſy care;
The board with temperate plenty crown'd;
The ſmiling progeny around,
That liſten to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the fav'rite theme,
For what has war with bliſs to do?
Teach them more juſtly far to deem,
And own experience taught it you.
Teach them, 'tis in the will of fate,
Their frugal induſtry alone
Can make their country truly great,
And in her bliſs ſecure their own.

Be all the ſongs that ſoothe their toil,
And bid the brow of labour ſmile,

When thro' the loom the ſhuttle glides,
Or ſhining ſhare the glebe divides,
Or, bending to the woodman's ſtroke,
To waft her commerce, falls the Britiſh oak—
Be all their ſongs, that ſoften theſe,
Of calm content and future well-earn'd eaſe;
Nor dread leſt inborn ſpirit die:
One glorious leſſon, early taught,
Will all the boaſted powers ſupply
Of practiſed rules and ſtudied thought.
From the firſt dawn of reaſon's ray,
On the young boſom's yielding clay,
Strong be their country's love impreſt,
And with your own example fire their breaſt;
Tell them 'tis theirs to graſp the ſword
When Britain gives the awful word;
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cauſe,
And guard, from faction nobly free,
Their birth-right bleſſing, Liberty,
True Liberty, that loves the laws.

ODE

O D E

For his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1784.

HAIL to the day, whoſe beams, again
Returning, claim the choral ſtrain,
And bids us breathe our annual vows,
To the firſt power that Britain knows:
The power which, though itſelf reſtrain'd,
And ſubject to that juſt control
Which, many an arduous conflict gain'd,
Connects, unites, and animates the whole.

Yon radiant ſun, whoſe central force
Winds back each planet's vagrant courſe,
And thro' the ſyſtem holds imperial ſway,
Bound by the ſame inherent laws,
Ev'n whilſt it ſeems the active cauſe,
Promotes the general good, as much confined as they.

That wond'rous plan, through ages ſought,
Which elder Egypt never taught,
Nor Greece with all her letter'd lore,
Nor ſtruggling Rome, could e'er explore,
Tho' many a form of rule ſhe tried;
That wond'rous plan has Britain found,
Which curbs licentiouſneſs and pride,
Yet leaves true liberty without a wound.

The fierce Plantagenets beheld
Its growing ſtrength, and deign'd to yield;
Th' imperious Tudors frown'd, and felt aggriev'd;
Th' unhappy race, whoſe faults we mourn,
Delay'd awhile its wiſh'd return,
'Till Brunſwick perfected what Naſſau had atchiev'd.

From that bright æra of renown,
Aſtræa walks the world again,
Her fabled form the nations own,
With all th' attendant virtues in her train.
Hark! with what general loud acclaim
They venerate the Britiſh name,

When

When forms of rule are in the balance weigh'd,
And pour their torrents of applauſe
On the fair iſle, whoſe equal laws
Control the ſcepter, and protect the ſpade.

The triple chain, which binds them faſt,
Like Homer's golden one, deſcends from Jove;
Long may the ſacred union laſt,
And the mixt powers in mutual concert move,
Each tempering each, and liſtening to the call
Of genuine public good, bleſt ſource and end of all!

O D E

For the NEW-YEAR,

JANUARY 1, 1785.

DELUSIVE is the poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inſpire
The zeal, which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates th' according lyre?

Truſt

Truſt the muſe: her eye commands
Diſtant times and diſtant lands;
Thro' burſting clouds, in opening ſkies,
Sees from diſcord union riſe:
And friendſhip bind unwilling foes,
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
Yon ſcyon riſing in the Weſt
Will ſoon its genuine glory ſee,
And court again the foſtering breaſt,
Whoſe nurture gave its powers to ſpread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head.

The parent tree, when ſtorms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again;
Again its foſtering aid ſhall lend,
Nor hear the ſuppliant plead in vain;
Shall ſtretch protecting branches round,
Extend the ſhelter, and forget the wound.

Two Britains through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with ſails unfurl'd;
Each from the other's kindred ſtate
Avert by turns the bolts of fate;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider ſphere.

When Rome's divided eagles flew,
And different thrones her empire knew,
The varying language ſoon disjoin'd
The boaſted maſters of mankind;
But here, no ills like thoſe we fear,
No varying language threatens here;
Congenial worth, congenial flame,
Their manners and their arts the ſame,
To the ſame tongue ſhall glowing themes afford,
And Britiſh heroes act, and Britiſh Bards record.

Fly ſwift ye years! ye minutes haſte!
And in the future loſe the paſt;
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,
Oblivion, caſt thy friendly veil!

Let

Let not memory breathe a ſigh,
Or backward turn th' indignant eye;
Nor the inſidious arts of foes
Enlarge the breach that longs to cloſe,
But acts of amity alone inſpire
Firm faith, and cordial love, and wake the willing lyre.

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of ÆNEAS.

William Whitehead

P

THE following elegant piece of claſſical criticiſm was firſt printed about 40 Years ago in a periodical publication of Mr. Robert Dodſley's, intituled *The Muſæum*, in which he was favoured with ſome original pieces by Dr. Akenſide and other writers of note, as well as Mr. Whitehead; it had not however a ſufficient ſale to anſwer the Editor's purpoſe, and was therefore ſoon dropped. Some years after this eſſay was reprinted by Mr. Joſeph Warton, and annexed to the tranſlation of Virgil, made by himſelf and Mr. Pitt, for which purpoſe Mr. Whitehead took the pains to reviſe it: and it is from this Copy that it is here again committed to the preſs, under an idea that ſo excellent a proof of his erudition and ingenuity ſhould not be omitted in this laſt collection of his works. It has not however been thought neceſſary to re-engrave the plate which, in Mr. Warton's publication, accompanies it, for the diſſertation itſelf poſſeſſes ſo much of the *lucidus ordo* that a graphical delineation of the Shield cannot poſſibly be wanted by any attentive reader.

M.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of ÆNEAS.

THE deſcription of the ſhield, in the eighth book of the Æneis, has been very generally eſteemed for its poetical beauties. The figure of the wolf bending back with fondneſs, and forming with her tongue the ſmiling infants, or the mourning river-god ſtretching out his watry garments to receive and ſhield the routed Ægyptians, have ſeldom eſcaped even the meaneſt admirer. But I do not remember to have ever ſeen the whole of it conſidered in a critical light, as to the propriety or impropriety of the pieces repreſented. Moſt readers, like the hero that wore it, *Rerum ignari imagine gaudent*, are ſtruck extremely with the diſpoſition of the figures in each particular piece, and the excellence of the painting; without once reflecting whether other pieces might not have been introduced with at leaſt equal propriety, and whether the judgment of the poet, as well as his fancy, had a

ſhare in the performance. For my own part, I cannot help thinking it may be an agreeable taſk to examine the ſubject a little more minutely; to endeavour to find out the motives and reaſons for each particular repreſentation, and to conſider fairly whether the ſeveral pictures are actually inconnected with each other; or whether, though they may ſeem to be thrown down at random, they do not in reality form a kind of regular whole. Such a whole I would be underſtood to mean, as a poet may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have intended.

The ſhield, as framed by Vulcan, Virgil himſelf tells us, contained a regular ſeries of the whole Alban and Roman affairs:

Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos
Fecerat ignipotens: illic genus omne futuræ
Stirpis ab Aſcanio, pugnataque in ordine bella.

Virgil only picks out ſuch particulars as he imagined would conduce to his deſign, and be an ornament

ment to his poem. It is the poet therefore, not the god, who comes under my cognizance; I am concerned only with a few extracts from a larger work, and have undertaken to examine the judiciouſneſs of the collection.

And firſt, I would aſk whether we have not ſometimes blamed Virgil for the circumſtances he has ſelected from the Roman ſtory. There are certainly numberleſs great actions omitted, which are leſs fabulous than thoſe he has repreſented, and perhaps appear to us more ſhining and pictureſque. A deſponding Hannibal, or a bleeding Gracchus; a captive Perſes, or the triumphs of a Scipio, were ſurely as noble objects of repreſentation, as a Cocles on the bridge, or a Clelia in the Tiber. Would a mangled Pompey, drawn with all the mournful circumſtances imagination could have furniſhed, have ſhewn leſs art than a tortured Metius? Or, would ſuch a picture have been leſs acceptable to the Julian family, than a Catiline in Tartarus, or a Cato in Elyſium? It would be endleſs to mention the various particulars

in

in which a Roman bard might have exerted his talents. The hiſtory of his country was a ſeries of great events; and every name on record, that of demigod, or hero. Why therefore would he confine himſelf to the more doubtful tranſactions of the earlier ages?

To this I anſwer in general, that the fine concluſion of the ſixth book of the Æneis, is a repreſentation of the ſame nature with this before us. The heroes of Rome have already paſt in review. The poet has already celebrated the chief ornaments of his country, and has ſcarce any thing in reſerve but his favourite battle of Actium. He would not, however, let ſo fair an opportunity paſs of doing honour to his anceſtors. He collects together, as it were, the laſt remains of antiquity, and even introduces ſome of the former perſons under different circumſtances, and in different attitudes.

One principal deſign of the Æneis, we may allow, was to pay court to Auguſtus; but it was to do it in ſuch a manner as would not only make the Julian family

mily but the whole Roman name immortal. Accordingly we find there is ſcarce an occurrence in hiſtory which has not found a place in ſome part of the poem: ſcarce an hero of note, who has not ſomewhere or other an opportunity of appearing. The immortal hatred between Rome and Carthage is interwoven with the ſubject itſelf, and by the art of the poet has an original given it, before either of the places concerned was in being. The troubles of Æneas take their principal riſe from it, and Juno labours to preſerve her city near a thouſand years before its deſtruction. This great ſubject, as I mentioned above, and almoſt every other, was too much exhauſted to be figured upon the ſhield; it would have been giving a ſketch, or picture in miniature, of what had been already deſcribed at large.

Having premiſed thus much in vindication of the poet for what he has not done, I ſhall next conſider the method he has choſen to purſue, and lay the whole ſeries of verſes regularly before you.

The

The ſcene opens with the original of Romulus. The ſeveral kings from Æneas to that time are paſſed over in ſilence. Thoſe who had any thing remarkable in themſelves, or relative to the Roman affairs, ſuch as Sylvius, Procas, Capys, Numitor, had already appeared in the Elyſian fields. The reſt, like the ſlain in a battle

Alcandrumque, Heliumque, Noemonaque, Prytanimque,

would have been mere names; and are only mentioned in hiſtory, as ſo many links of a pedigree to preſerve connection between hero and hero.

The deſign in the ſixth book was to exhibit to Æneas every deſcendant in his height of glory. But here the intention ſeems to have been quite otherwiſe. "Rome was to be carried gradually to perfection, "and riſe from its loweſt beginnings to that ſolid "grandeur which it actually enjoyed under Auguſtus "Cæſar." When I ſay carried gradually to perfection, I do not mean that every ſingle ſtep by which it roſe to that height will be here ſet before us, but only ſome

ſome of the more ſtriking cauſes of its greatneſs be ſtrongly marked out to us; as far, at leaſt, as they can be in a ſketch of this nature. In the former repreſentation, we are preſented with the founder of Rome in full maturity; and Anchiſes, while he points him out, cries with a kind of rapture,

—Viden' ut geminæ ſtant vertice criſtæ,
Et pater ipſe ſuo ſuperum jam ſignat honore!

But here the fable of the wolf is introduced, and we ſee the great anceſtor of the maſters of the world an expoſed helpleſs infant:

Fecerat et viridi fœtam Mavortis in antro
Procubuiſſe lupam: geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ.

Next to its founder, we have Rome likewiſe in its infancy. But the poet has choſen to introduce it at

 the

the celebration of the Circenſian games, when its handful of inhabitants might all appear together, and the manner of its being peopled, be expreſſed at the ſame time:

Nec procul hinc Romam, et raptas ſine more Sabinas
Conſeſſu caveæ, magnis Circenſibus actis
Addiderat———————

The ſtory of the Aſylum was what Virgil was unwilling to mention: It would have been deriving the original of the beſt families in Rome from robbers and murderers; and have ſpoiled many compliments in the other parts of his poem. Juvenal, as a Satiriſt, uſes leſs ceremony, when he addreſſes himſelf to a worthleſs patrician, who would claim ſome merit from the virtues of his anceſtors:

Et tamen ut longè repetas longèque revolvas
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis Aſylo.
Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

Hiſtorians

Hiſtorians may labour hard to palliate this account, as it is their buſineſs to relate every thing; but our poet thought proper to paſs it over entirely. I muſt not, however, diſſemble Virgil's having mentioned this very aſylum in another part of his poem; but it is only where he is running over the names of places, and of that among the reſt, without being obliged to enter into particulars, which he muſt neceſſarily have done had he introduced it here;

Hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer aſylum
Rettulit.——————Æn. viii. 342.

As to the rape of the Sabine virgins, it was too material to be neglected, eſpecially if we regard its conſequences. The firſt of which immediately follows,

——*Subitoque novum conſurgere bellum*
Romulidis, Tatioque ſeni, Curibuſque ſeveris.

Dionyſius, who makes every thing deſign, and is perfectly acquainted with the moſt minute intrigues of

the cabinet, endeavours to repreſent this action as a deep-laid ſcheme of policy. And, indeed, if we examine the good effects it produced, we may almoſt be perſuaded to give into his opinion. It was highly probable that ſuch an inſult as this might at firſt be reſented, but that the rage of paſſion would gradually wear away, and an union of families and intereſts take place. But I confeſs myſelf, I have much more pleaſure in obſerving a variety of events brought about by accident; and think it more natural to imagine, that the politics of that age were on too low a form to pretend to forecaſt. It is upon this account that I have always conſidered Dionyſius's hiſtory, admirable as it is, as a civil romance: Tho' the heads of it are true, or at leaſt what are received as ſuch, yet, like the Cyropædia of Xenophon, it rather ſeems written to inſtruct poſterity, than to relate what has really happened. Machiavel, in his diſcourſes on the firſt Decade of Livy, has taken a better method to make the Roman hiſtory uſeful. He has extracted general rules of policy, both from the errors and perfections of that

ſtate,

ſtate, and given due praiſe to its excellencies, without ſuppoſing every citizen a Lycurgus.

After mentioning the war, the poet proceeds to its happy concluſion, and takes occaſion to paint his anceſtors in the very action of ſtriking a league. A league, we muſt take notice, which unites the Roman and Sabine people. A remarkable period in the Roman ſtate.

Poſt iidem inter ſe poſito certamine reges
Armati Jovis ante aras, pateraſque tenentes
Stabant: et cæſâ jungebant fœdera porcâ.

To the manner of engaging in a treaty, ſucceeds the puniſhment for breaking one. Numa's peaceful reign had already been celebrated:

Quis procul ille autem ramis inſignis olivæ, &c. Æn. vi.

And the religious part of it taken notice of in the words *ſacra ferens*. The warlike character of Tullus Hoſtilius

Hoſtilius was there likewiſe introduced; but this one action of his, with regard to Metius, was juſtly reſerved for a more proper place:

Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diverſa quadrigæ
Diſtulerant (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres)
Raptabatque viri mendacis viſcera Tullus
Per ſylvam, et ſparſi rorabant ſanguine vepres.

This too, we muſt obſerve, was another remarkable period, when the Alban and Roman people were united into one body.

From the reign of Tullus Hoſtilius, till the beginning of the conſular ſtate, we have an entire chaſm in the hiſtory, which again opens with the Tuſcan war.

Ancus Martius, and Tarquinius Priſcus, have a place in the ſixth book, and therefore might juſtly be omitted here. But it is the misfortune of Servius Tullius, to whom Rome owed the beſt part of her conſtitution,

conſtitution, to be neglected in both places. Strada, in his Momus, accuſes Virgil of this neglect; but makes no apology for him. The commentators tell us, it is becauſe Servius was of mean extraction. I own it is with difficulty I acquieſce in ſuch a reaſon, and think the poet, as well as myſelf, would be obliged to any one who would furniſh us with a better. His mother was a princeſs, tho' a ſlave of war; and his great abilities, whatever was his extraction, were certainly equal to any ſtation:

Ancillâ natus trabeam et diadema Quirini,
Et faſces meruit regum ultimus ille bonorum.

Juv. Sat. 8.

But it ſeems to have been the faſhion to neglect him; for we find Horace equally unjuſt in not allowing him a place in his catalogue of worthies, Od. 12. lib. 1. In one of his Satires, indeed, where it made for his purpoſe, he does him the favour to inſinuate that he was a good man, though his reign was ignoble,

Ante

Ante poteſtatem Tulli atque ignobile regnum
Multos ſæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos
Et vixiſſe probos, amplis et honoribus auctos.

Tarquin the proud, the ſucceeding king, is mentioned by name in the ſixth book, and in this; in the former he is merely a name, and joined too in an haſty manner with the elder Tarquin:

Vis et Tarquinios reges———

But here he is more directly, and more juſtly introduced; for though he himſelf had no virtue which deſerved regard, he was greatly the occaſion of it in others; and gave riſe, by his infamy, to the firſt heroes of Rome. It is not Tarquin, but his oppoſers, whom the poet celebrates. In the ſame manner muſt we underſtand the "*ſuperbos Tarquini faſces*," of Horace, which ſome commentators would apply to Tarquinius Priſcus, who was remarkably concerned for the majeſty of government. But if we conſider it in the

the light I am mentioning, the whole ſtanza will be finely contraſted:

Romulum poſt hos prius, an quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an ſuperbos
Tarquinî faſces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile Lethum.

"Shall I firſt celebrate Romulus, who founded the "monarchy of Rome; or Numa, who confirmed it "by the arts of peace; or thoſe noble perſons who "recovered our liberty from the haughty Tarquin; "or Cato, who died in its defence?" This too ſaves the latter part of the ſtanza from that ſtrange alteration of Dr. Bentley,

Anne Curtî Nobile Lethum.

To return: The poet deſcribes the tyrant as already baniſhed, and only lays before us the conſequence of that baniſhment, the Tuſcan war:

Nec non Tarquinium ejectum, Porſenna jubebat
Accipere, ingentique urbem obſidione premebat.

We need not wonder that he has not been more particular, as to the enormities of the Tarquins, ſince it was not his deſign to expoſe villains, but to illuſtrate noble actions. As in the picture of Metius above, it was the juſt reſentment of Tullus which was the ſubject, not the treachery of the ſufferer. Beſides every reader, eſpecially a Roman one, from the word *ejectum*, muſt naturally run back to the cruelties of that family. The murder of Servius, and the rape of Lucrece, riſe freſh before us; and I fancy we ſhall find, in moſt of the deſcriptions throughout the poem, ſuch particulars ſelected as always draw after them a train of circumſtances, and exhibit to the mind of the reader much more than is expreſſed in words. The next line breathes the true ſpirit of liberty:

Æneadæ in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.

Lucan

Lucan would have declaimed on this occaſion, and have abounded with exclamations for twenty verſes together, till the ſubject itſelf grew tedious, if not trifling. But Virgil, in one nervous line, ſhews the eager ſpirit of the Romans, and finely oppoſes their noble reſolution in the cauſe of liberty to the inſolent *jubebat* of Porſenna.

He continues to paint the tyrant ſwelling with indignation at their haughty attempts againſt his kingly ſupremacy, and threatening that virtue which actually alarmed his fancied omnipotence :

Illum indignanti ſimilem, ſimilemque minanti
Aſpiceres : pontem auderet quod vellere Cocles,
Et fluvium vinclis innaret Clælia ruptis.

After this noble reſiſtance to a domeſtic tyrant and his imperious abettor, which every one muſt allow was a very remarkable period, as an entire alteration of their government, and an eſtabliſhment of their liberties were the conſequence; After this, I ſay,

we ſee the ſame ſpirit exert itſelf againſt a foreign enemy, who attempted to enſlave or plunder a free people. It is generally agreed, that it was not Manlius or Camillus, but the gold of Rome, which drove back its adverſaries. However, the popular opinion was to the poet's purpoſe:

In ſummo cuſtos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et Capitolia celſa tenebat.

The Capitol was doubtleſs a conſiderable edifice in the time of Manlius, though not to be compared with that of Sylla, Veſpaſian, or Domitian afterwards. Virgil, to make it appear as grand as poſſible, has placed in contraſt to it the thatched cottage of Romulus:

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

And by this means puts us in mind once more of the low condition from whence Rome raiſed itſelf; which,

as

as I obſerved above, was one deſign of the whole repreſentation.

Mr. Addiſon is of opinion, that the veneration paid to the Lady of Loretto's temple, took its riſe from the ſuperſtition of the old Romans with regard to this hut of their founder's, which they continually repaired as it fell to decay. The cuſtom of repairing it is, I ſuppoſe, intended to be expreſſed in the words, *recens horrebat.*

That nothing which was of ſervice to the poet's country might be paſſed by in ſilence, the very geeſe are celebrated for their alarming the centinels:

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat.

What follows to the end of the deſcription is poetical painting, though not merely ſo, for it very accurately informs us of the dreſs and perſons of the Gauls, and their manner of engaging in arms:

Galli

Galli per dumos aderant, arcemque tenebant,
Defenſi tenebris, et dono noctis opacæ.
Aurea cæſaries illis, atque aurea veſtis:
Virgatis lucent ſagulis: tum lactea colla
Auro innectuntur: duo quiſque alpina coruſcant
Gæſa manu, ſcutis protecti corpora longis.

This affair of the Gauls is the laſt piece of direct hiſtory we are preſented with, till we come to the battle of Actium. Several heroes between the times of Tarquin and Manlius, have paſſed without mention, and many more between Manlius and Auguſtus Cæſar. But I believe, if we turn to the ſixth book, we ſhall obſerve moſt of them either expreſly named, or their actions ſo pointed out to us that we cannot miſtake them. I ſhall now, therefore, leave the hiſtorical part, and conſider the poet's deſign in another light.

Mr. Warburton has brought many arguments from the deſcent into hell, and ſeveral other parts of Virgil's poem, to prove the political and legiſlative nature

ture of it; and I think we may find ſome uncommon teſtimonies in this ſmall ſketch, to confirm his opinion. If we look back to the particulars already paſt, we ſhall ſee, among the few which are mentioned, a Treaty entered into with the utmoſt ſolemnity, and the obſervance of another enforced with a rigorous puniſhment; we have ſeen likewiſe the ſpirit of liberty acting vigorouſly againſt a domeſtic tyrant and a foreign enemy. The perſons named are not recorded on account of private virtues, but are thoſe only who had done eminent ſervice to the public. Nor are indeed any of the feuds and animoſities between the Patricians and Plebeians even hinted at any where. But what immediately follows is the ſtrongeſt proof of Mr. Warburton's aſſertion. Virgil could not think his ſtate compleat, even in miniature, without the additional ſanction of religion; and Numa's inſtitutions, under a ſuppoſed inſpiration, were the moſt proper to be repreſented.

Nor has the poet brought in his ceremonies without a manifeſt connection with the foregoing repreſentation.

ſentation. They immediately follow the invaſion of the Gauls, and may appear a kind of religious rejoicings and proceſſions, and honours paid to the gods by the Romans, on account of their deliverance from their enemies:

Hinc exultantes Salios, nudoſque Luperces,
Lanigeroſque apices, et lapſa ancilia cœlo
Extuderat.

The next lines, which continue the proceſſion, are a pretty compliment to the Roman matrons: The ſtory is too well known to need an explanation:

——Caſtæ ducebant ſacra per urbem
Pilentis matres in mollibus——

I would take notice, however, with what addreſs the compliment is brought in: The attention of the ladies to the religion of their country, and a due obſervance of its ceremonies, is the ſubject of the picture; their being carried in litters to the performance of

of them, which is the compliment, is introduced as it were by the by. I ſhould imagine too there is ſome inſtruction couched under the epithet *caſtæ*, and that the poet would inſinuate that the violation of the marriage-bed is the bane of ſociety, and a diſregard or negligence on that head the ſure forerunner of the deſtruction of a ſtate. Horace is very explicit on the ſubject:

Fœcunda culpæ ſæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos:
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populoſque fluxit.

As religion was neceſſary to perfect his ſtate, ſo was the doctrine of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments full as neceſſary to perfect his religion: For which reaſon, as a kind of moral to the whole, he concludes, like a true legiſlator, with his hell for bad citizens, and his elyſium for the good;

——Hinc procul addit
Tartareas etiam ſedes, alta oſtia Ditis:
Et ſcelerum pœnas, et te, Catilina, minact
Pendentem ſcopulo, furiarumque ora trementem;
Secretoſque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

What other reaſon could he poſſibly have for introducing again his Tartarus and Elyſium, after having beſtowed a whole book upon them before? It is worth our while to obſerve likewiſe who the perſons are, that are ſelected out as proper inſtances of the puniſhed and rewarded, Catiline and Cato the younger. One, the moſt flagitious incendiary that ever attempted the deſtruction of his country, and the other the nobleſt example of ſincere patriotiſm. The greateſt and moſt infamous of public characters.

The mentioning Catiline here, though Julius Cæſar is ſhrewdly conjectured to have been embarked in the ſame pernicious deſign with him, is, perhaps, a barefaced denial of the aſperſion; and the poet, by inſerting it in a work manifeſtly written under the protection

tion of Auguſtus, ſeems utterly to diſclaim the notion, and to take it for granted no one ever ſuſpected it. As to Cato, the commentators have great doubts for which of the two this compliment was intended. But if the poet's deſign be, as I have repreſented it, we have certainly no occaſion to heſitate a moment. It was no affront to the Julian family to celebrate the juſt and heroic notions of Cato, if they, at the ſame time, confeſſed that he applied them at an improper ſeaſon, and erred through too much virtue. The manner in which the flatterers of that age talked, and which had a mixture of truth in it, was this, "That corruptions and animoſities had riſen to ſo "great an height, and the ſtate of the commonwealth "was ſuch, that it neceſſarily required a maſter, and "Cæſar was the beſt they could poſſibly receive." Dr. Middleton has drawn a fine compariſon between the tenets of Cato, Cicero, and Atticus, and ſhewn that the rigid precepts of the former were by no means ſuited to the times in which he lived; and I cannot help coming into the opinion, that Virgil had ſome meaning of the ſame kind, by his manner of placing

him in Elyſium. His opinions, though juſt and virtuous, and deſerving of all the encomiums the poet could pay to them, yet ſeem to be calculated for a nation of philoſophers, "For the polity of Plato, and "and not the dregs of Romulus." They were the PII only, who could obey the *jura Catonis*. This is not laughing at Cato, as ſome ridiculous commentators would ſuppoſe, but paying him, I think, the greateſt compliment he could poſſibly receive, and avoiding at the ſame time any reflection on the tyrant he had oppoſed.

I confeſs the mere words, *his dantem jura Catonem*, may very well be applied to the rigid laws of Cato the Cenſor. But I would chuſe, for the reaſons already mentioned, they ſhould relate to the younger. I may add too, that what is alledged againſt the naming Cato here with honour, would hold as ſtrongly at leaſt againſt Pompey; and yet we find him in the ſixth book of the Æneis, in the ſame verſes, and addreſſed equally with Julius Cæſar himſelf:

Illæ

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis
Concordes animæ nunc———&c.

If it is objected, that Pompey fought only for himſelf and his faction, but that Cato really meant his country; and, therefore, it was a greater diſgrace to the Cæſarians to be oppoſed by a real, than a feigned patriot; I would offer in anſwer, what I have mentioned above, the improper time in which Cato exerted his virtue. To conclude, thoſe remarkable words "*Catonis nobile Lethum*," would never have been found in an ode of Horace particularly deſigned for Auguſtus, had a poet's expreſſing himſelf in ſuch a manner been looked upon as an affront to his patron.

We have now nothing remaining but the battle of Actium, that is, "The great finiſhing ſtroke, or eſtabliſhment of the Roman empire." Upon which, as his principal ſubject, Virgil has beſtowed more verſes than on all the reſt taken together. Indeed, he has been ſo very explicit in his ſeveral deſcriptions, that he

he will ſave me the trouble of ſaying much on any of them. It was this great affair (as I ſaid above) which fixed the Roman government on its new foundation, and left Auguſtus maſter of the world. Happily too for the poet, his patron might, in this contention, be conſidered as the defender of Rome and liberty, againſt a rebellious citizen ſuſtained by a foreign power. Accordingly he has made uſe of the opportunity, and introduced the ſenate and the people, the tutelar deities of private families, and thoſe who preſided over the ſtate, as all uniting with Auguſtus in his undertaking. He has drawn his hero likewiſe with his whole divinity about him, and made him, what he affected to be thought *, the repreſentative of Apollo;

Hinc Auguſtus agens Italos in prælia Cæſar,
Cum patribus, populoque, penatibus et magnis Diis,
Stans celſa in puppi: geminas cui tempora flammæ
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice ſidus.

* Polymetis, Dial. 8.

Agrippa

Agrippa likewiſe has his ſhare in the compliment:

Parte aliâ, ventis et Diis Agrippa ſecundis,
Arduus, agmen agens: cui, belli inſigne ſuperbum,
Tempora navali fulgent roſtrata coronâ.

When he deſcribes Antony, though at the head of a numerous army, it is with ſtrong marks of deriſion and indignation. It is by the aſſiſtance of Barbarian troops that he is even victorious; and, as his greateſt mark of infamy, his Ægyptian wife brings up the rear. The words *Ægyptian wife* might poſſibly convey at that time a very ſevere ſarcaſm, as it was well known in Rome, that Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, had refuſed to marry one of the Ptolemys, and pleaded as a reaſon for her denial, that a woman who had been wife to a Roman ſenator could not condeſcend to become queen of Egypt:

Hinc, ope barbarica variiſque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis et littore rubro
Ægyptum, vireſque Orientis, et ultima ſecum
Bactra vehit: ſequiturque (nefas) Ægyptia conjux.

After

After the fleets are drawn up, we are next preſented with the engagement, in which the poet has exerted his whole power of fancy and expreſſion. The *turritæ puppes* are to be ſure brought in as a compliment to Agrippa, who was the inventor of them. We ſee too, once more, the gods ſiding with Auguſtus, and the Roman divinities oppoſed to the monſters of Ægypt;

Una omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
Tantâ mole viri turritis puppibus inſtant.
Stuppea flamma manu, teliſque volatile ferrum
Spargitur: arva novâ Neptunia cæde rubeſcunt.
Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina ſiſtro,
Necdum etiam geminos a tergo reſpicit angues.
Omnigenûmque deûm monſtra, et latrator Anubis
Contra Neptunum, et Venerem, contraque Minervam
Tela tenent: ſævit medio in certamine Mavors
Cælatus ferro, triſteſque ex æthere Diræ,
Et ſciſſâ gaudens vadit diſcordia pallâ,
Quam cum ſanguineo ſequitur Bellona flagello.

The

The defeat follows the engagement: and would it be too fanciful to ſuppoſe that the poet may have ſhadowed a refined piece of flattery to his patron under the perſonage of the deity, who puts the enemy to flight? We have mentioned above the fondneſs of the emperor to be conſidered as bearing great reſemblance to that god; and why may we not imagine that the Actian Apollo here is only an allegorical Auguſtus?

Actius hæc cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
Deſuper: omnis eo terrore Ægyptus, et Indi,
Omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabæi.
Ipſa videbatur ventis regina vocatis
Vela dare, et laxos jam jamque immittere funes:
Illam inter cædes, pallentem morte futurâ,
Fecerat ignipotens undis et Japyge ferri.
Contra autem magno mœrentem corpore Nilum,
Pandentemque ſinus, et totâ veſte vocantem
Cæruleum in gremium, latebroſaque flumina, victos.

The whole poem concludes with the three days triumph of Auguſtus, and we may obſerve that it is the porch of the temple of Apollo in which the hero is ſeated.

At Cæſar triplici invectus Romana triumpho
Mœnia, Diis Italis votum immortale ſacrabat;
Maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.
Lætitia, ludiſque viæ plauſuque fremebant:
Omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus aræ:
Ante aras terram cæſi ſtravere juvenci.
Ipſe ſedens niveo candentis limine Phœbi,
Dona recognoſcit populorum, aptatque ſuperbis
Poſtibus: incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tam veſtis et armis.
Hic Nomadum genus, et diſcinctos Mulciber Afros,
Hic Lelegas, Caraſque, ſagittiferoſque Gelonos
Finxerat. Euphrates ibat jam mollior undis,
Extremique hominum Morini, Rhenuſque bicornis,
Indomitique Dahæ, et pontem indignatus Araxes.

This

This triumph of Auguſtus is not only over Antony, but the whole world at once. The Africans, the Scythians, and the Morini, the Euphrates, the Rhine, and the Araxes, unite together to pay him homage. Here then, we ſee Rome in its utmoſt height of glory, and may obſerve, as I ſaid before, the amazing contraſt between its appearance in the beginning of the poem, and at the end of it, between an expoſed infant and an univerſal monarch. The ſeveral intermediate ſteps, by which it aroſe to this ſurprizing grandeur, are, I think, ſketched out to us in the preceding verſes. We have ſeen it in that ſhort compaſs, built and peopled; we have ſeen it ſolemnly enter into leagues, and enforce the obſervance of them; we have ſeen it act bravely againſt foreign enemies and a domeſtic tyrant; in ſhort, we have ſeen its heroes always actuated by a love of their country, and a ſtate founded on the ſolid baſis of religion, and of virtue. Whether this was really the caſe, with regard to Rome, we are not to conſider: It is ſo repreſented by the poet, and if we take his word for the truth of it, I am ſure

we need not wonder at any pitch of greatneſs to which ſuch a ſtate arrived.

I have now finiſhed what I intended to prove, and have, I hope, made it appear, that the ſeveral pictures which compoſe the whole repreſentation, were by no means thrown down at random, but judiciouſly ſelected by the poet: And that, though the whole piece may very properly be conſidered as a ſupplement to the ſixth book of the Æneis, yet it has, at the ſame time, a ſcheme and deſign peculiar to itſelf.

SECTION II.

In writing the foregoing obſervations I could not help taking notice what extremely fine pictures many of the ſubjects repreſented would make. Which put me upon conſidering, whether it might not be poſſible to connect them all together in the manner of a ſhield, as Mr. Pope had done with regard to Achilles. I tried, and found it upon the trial ſo very eaſy, that I was at a loſs to find a reaſon why it had never been done before, and how it came to paſs that the ſtre-

nuous

nuous advocates for the Roman poet ſhould not, at leaſt, have attempted to ſet him in this reſpect on a level with the Grecian. The only cauſe I can aſſign is this, they found a difficulty at the beginning of the poem; the *illic res Italas*—the general repreſentation of the whole Alban and Roman affairs from Æneas to Auguſtus, was thought too extenſive for the compaſs of a picture. It is on this account too, that Mr. Pope ſays the ſhield of Virgil is charged with a great deal more work than that of Homer. But this, tho' I allow it to be an objection, may, I think, be obviated by what I have ſaid in the beginning of the former ſection. I there made a diſtinction between the ſhield of Vulcan and the ſhield of Virgil; which diſtinction I would again make here, and then, though I eaſily confeſs that the former cannot be repreſented as a picture, yet I may venture to affirm, that the ſeveral repreſentations in the latter may be ſo put together as to form a compleat ſhield. It will not, indeed, be the ſhield of Æneas, but it will be a juſt reſemblance of the deſcriptions of the poet, and may be a proper ornament for an edition of his works.

In

In order to put my deſign in execution, I would take for my model, in moſt reſpects, the ſhield of Achilles, as repreſented by Mr. Pope. I would draw two concentric circles, the larger ſhould mark the circumference of the ſhield, and the ſmaller be placed at pretty equal diſtances from the circumference and the centre. The ſpace between the ſmaller and larger circle I would divide into twelve compartments; the ſpace between the ſmaller circle and the centre, into four. In the twelve firſt I would comprize the ancient hiſtory, and appropriate the four inner entirely to the affair at Actium. The ſubjects of the ſixteen compartments would be as follow: 1ſt, Romulus and Remus, or the founding of Rome. 2d, The rape of the Sabine women, or the peopling of Rome. 3d, The war in conſequence of the rape. 4th, The peace, or union of the Sabines and Romans. 5th, The puniſhment of Metius, or the union of the Albans and Romans into one body, 6th, The ſiege of Rome by Porſenna. 7th, Cocles and Clelia; in which two laſt would be repreſented the grand ſtruggle for liberty againſt domeſtic tyranny. 8th, Manlius, or the noble

ble oppoſition of Rome to a foreign invaſion. 9th, The proceſſion of the Salii, Luperci, &c. 10th, The proceſſion of the Roman matrons; in which two laſt would be repreſented the religious rejoicings of the Romans, on their being delivered from the Gauls. 11th, Catiline, or the hell for bad citizens. 12th, Cato, or the Elyſium for good citizens. 13th, The fleets drawn up at Actium. 14th, The fight. 15th, The defeat. 16th, The triumph.

What kind of pictures theſe ſubjects would make, may appear better by following Mr. Pope's method, and giving a literal tranſlation of the ſeveral deſcriptions of the poet, and adding ſome occaſional remarks on each. To begin with the firſt compartment.

Romulus and Remus.

Fecerat et viridi, &c.] "The God had there ex-
"preſſed the female wolf lying in the green cave of
"Mars, with the twin boys hanging at her teats,
"playing and ſucking their nurſe without any ſigns
"of fear. She mean while bending back her ſmooth
"neck,

" neck, fondles them alternately, and forms their " limbs with her tongue."

This deſcription is ſo extremely pictureſque, that all the figures diſpoſe themſelves, and I could wiſh to add nothing to it but the river Tiber, which ſhould ſeem to flow at the fore-part of the cave, with no other ornaments but a few ruſhes on it ſides.

2d compartment. The rape of the Sabines.

Nec procul hinc, &c.] " At a little diſtance he had " added Rome, and the Sabine women ſeized by " violence in the area of a theatre, where the people " were aſſembled together at the great Circenſian " ſhews."

The theatre mentioned here, conſidering the infancy of Rome, ſhould be repreſented as one of turf; ſome few only of its ſeats need to appear in the picture to leave more room for the principal figures, the raviſhers and the virgins. Rome might be expreſſed

preſſed behind by a few cottages, and very rough battlements.

3d compartment. The War.

—*Subitoque novum*, &c.] "Suddenly a new war "ariſes between the Romans, and old Tatius, and "the ſevere Curetes."

Here the poet has neither drawn the picture for us as in the firſt compartment, nor deſcribed the ſubject of it as in the ſecond; but has only ſaid, a war aroſe between Romulus and Tatius, on account of the rape: A painter therefore is at liberty to take the moſt remarkable occurrence of that war for the ſubject of his picture. And this, I think, is the ruſhing in of the Sabine women between the two armies. By this intermediate picture we connect the foregoing one, which was the rape, the cauſe of the war, with the following one, which is the concluding a peace in conſequence of this action of the matrons.

4th compartment. The Peace.

Poſt iidem, &c.] "After this the ſame kings, ha-
"ving given over the war, were ſtanding together
"armed before the altar of Jupiter; each of them
"holding a patera in his hand; and were ſtriking
"the league, having ſlain the ſwine."

Could a profeſt dealer in antiquities have been more particular in deſcribing this ceremony, or could a painter deſire better inſtructions? Romulus and Tatius are figured in arms before the altar of Jupiter, each of them has the patera in his hand, and, as king and prieſt, is performing the ſacrifice. The ſolemn circumſtance of ſtriking the ſwine *(ſic ferito ut ego hunc porcum feriam)* is juſt over, and accordingly we muſt ſuppoſe he lies dead before the altar.

5th compartment. Metius.

Haud procul inde citæ, &c.] "Not far from thence
"the ſtimulated courſers had torn Metius different
"ways (but Thou, O Alban, ſhouldeſt have ſtood
"to thy engagements) and Tullus was dragging
"through

"through the wood the bowels of that perjured man,
"and the ſhrubs, beſprinkled with his blood, were
"dropping as with dew."

The poet has given full inſtructions for this picture himſelf. The only difficulty is in the word *quadrigæ*, which ſignifies chariots drawn by four horſes, and ſometimes four horſes without the chariot. The common pictures of Metius ſeem to follow the latter ſenſe. Livy ſays expreſsly, he was tied between two chariots. But a determination of this ſort may, I think, be left to the painter himſelf, and he is at liberty to chuſe what will make the beſt picture. As to Tullus being mentioned as dragging about the entrails, perhaps it means no more than that the execution was performed by his command, or at moſt that he was ſtanding by to ſee his orders obeyed.

I cannot leave this picture, without taking notice, that the unity of time in which it is ſuppoſed to be taken, is very accurately marked out. The horſes (*diſtulerant*) had already torn him in pieces, and are

in the action of dragging after them the ſeparated parts of the body; and the neighbouring ſhrubs are deſcribed, as dropping with the blood of the criminal. The præterimperfect tenſes *raptabat* and *rorabant* make us actual ſpectators of the execution. The ſame tenſe is generally uſed throughout the poem, and with the ſame propriety.

6th compartment. Porſenna.

Nec non Tarquinium, &c.] "Porſenna alſo was "commanding them to receive the baniſhed Tarquin, "and was inveſting the city with a mighty ſiege. "The Romans were ruſhing to arms in defence of "liberty."

This may, I think, be expreſſed by Porſenna ſtanding below with his army, and throwing out his arm, in a commanding manner, to the Romans, who ſhould appear on the wall of their city expreſſing their contempt and reſolution, by brandiſhing their ſpears at him.

7th compartment.

7th compartment. Cocles and Clelia.

Illum indignanti ſimilem, &c.] "You might ſee him "like one burſting with indignation, and like one "pouring out his threats, that Cocles ſhould dare to "pull down the bridge, and Clelia, having broken "from her bonds, to ſwim over the river."

Here is another fine attitude for Porſenna, who is ſtanding on the ſhore of the Tiber, looking with rage and indignation on Cocles and Clelia; the former of whom muſt be repreſented as defending the Sublician bridge, while his countrymen are breaking it down behind him; the latter, with the other virgins, muſt be in the river, and I imagine on horſeback, as it was an equeſtrian ſtatue which was afterwards raiſed to her honour. Livy ſays nothing, but that ſhe paſſed the river.

8th compartment. Manlius.

In ſummo cuſtos, &c.] "On the higheſt part, Man-"lius, as guardian of the Tarpeian citadel, was ſtand-"ing before the temple, and defending the lofty Ca-"pitol:

" pitol: And the palace of Romulus was rough with
" freſh ſtraw. And here a ſilver gooſe flying in the
" golden portal, was giving notice of the approach of
" the Gauls: The Gauls were juſt at hand among
" the buſhes, and were endeavouring to take poſſeſ-
" ſion of the citadel, ſcreened by darkneſs, and the
" aſſiſtance of the gloomy night. Their hair and
" beards are gold. They ſhine in chequer'd gar-
" ments. Their white necks are clapſed round with
" gold: Each of them brandiſhes two alpine ſpears
" in his hand, and protects his body with a long ſhield."

The poet has, in great meaſure, drawn this picture for us: A rough kind of rock covered with ſhrubs, through which the Gauls are making their way; on the top of it appears the Capitol; in the portal of which Manlius may be placed in arms, as ſtanding ready to receive them; or, if any of them are advanced high enough, engaging with them: The gooſe may be drawn fluttering over his head. Part of Rome may be ſeen behind, of which the thatched cottage of Romulus muſt be the neareſt and principal object.

9th compartment.

9th compartment. The Salii and Luperci.

Hic exultantes Salios, &c.] "Here had he wrought "the dancing Salii and the naked Luperci, the long "caps tipped with wool, and the ſhields which fell "from heaven."

In order to expreſs this, the Salii ſhould be drawn in ſhort caſſocks, bound round them with broad belts, and helmets on their heads. They ſhould be dancing, and ſtriking a ſhort ſhield on their left arm with a ſpear which they hold in their right. The Luperci ſhould be running naked, with thongs in their hands, as if they were laſhing people as they paſſed. If it be neceſſary to expreſs the caps and the ancilia more ſtrongly, a few other prieſts may be drawn with pointed caps tipt with wool, and the ſacred ſhield may appear above, as falling from the clouds with ſome ſtreaks of lightening on each ſide of it.

10th compartment. The Matrons.

Caſtæ ducebant, &c.] "The chaſte matrons were "carrying their ſacred offerings through the city in "ſoft litters."

There

There are great diſputes among the antiquarians what theſe pilenta were, in which the matrons were carried; but I ſhould think they might be repreſented by a kind of open ſedan chairs, borne on the ſhoulders of ſlaves.

11th compartment. Catiline.

Hinc procul addit, &c.] "At a diſtance from hence "he adds too the regions of Tartarus, the deep en- "trances of hell, the puniſhments of wickedneſs, "and Thee, O Catiline, hanging from a threatening "rock, and trembling at the looks of the furies."

There may be fine expreſſion in the ſituation and looks of Catiline, who muſt neceſſarily be the principal figure. We may ſuppoſe him hanging by the hands from a rock, which he is endeavouring in vain to climb, to avoid the torments which the furies are going to inflict upon him. The jutting out of the rock at the top *(minaci)* makes his attempt to eſcape impoſſible, and muſt conſequently occaſion thoſe agonies of horror and deſpair with which he looks

looks back on his tormentors. Ixion, Siſyphus, the river Phlegethon, &c. from the common pictures of Tartarus, may furniſh out the reſt of the piece.

12th compartment. Cato.

Secretoſque pios, &c.] "And the ſeparated ſouls of "the juſt, with Cato, giving laws and inſtructions "to them."

This ſeems to require no more than the common image of a philoſopher dictating to an attentive audience.

13th compartment. The Fleets drawn up.

In medio claſſes æratas, &c.] "In the midſt you "might behold brazen-beaked ſhips, the war of "Actium! And you might ſee all Leucate in an "hurry, and ready for action, with the fleets drawn "up in order of battle, and the waves ſhining with "gold. On one ſide was Auguſtus, leading his Ita-"lians to the fight, with the ſenate and people, the "greater and leſſer gods, and ſtanding on the lofty

" poop. His temples pour forth a double flame, and " his paternal ſtar appears on his creſt. In another " part Agrippa, with the winds and gods favouring " him, ſtands aloft, leading on his troops; his beaked " temples ſhine with the naval crown, the glorious " mark of his ſucceſs in war.

" On the other ſide Antony, with Barbarian " forces, and various arms, comes victorious from " the Eaſtern nations, and the ſhores of the Red " Sea; and brings with him Ægypt, the ſtrength " of the Eaſt, and the fartheſt Bactrians. His Ægyp- " tian wife (O infamy!) follows cloſe behind."

Here, and indeed in all theſe four compartments, every thing is ſo minutely deſcribed, that it cannot be neceſſary to ſay much on the ſubject. Auguſtus's ſhip is the principal figure on one ſide, with that of Agrippa a little above; on the other, the ſhip of Antony muſt be the foremoſt, and that of Cleopatra follow a little behind. The figures of Auguſtus and Agrippa are very particularly deſcribed; thoſe of Antony

Antony and Cleopatra are merely a warrior and a lady, only they muſt be in the moſt conſpicuous parts of their ſeveral ſhips, as well as the heroes above-mentioned. The painter ſhould, however, take care, that the ſhips are of the ancient model, as alſo the dreſſes of his perſonages. The promontory of Leucate may appear behind.

14th compartment. The Engagement.

Una omnes ruere, &c.] "They all ruſh together, "and the whole ſea foams, torn and convulſed with "the daſhing oars, and three-forked beaks of the "veſſels. You would think the Cyclades, uprooted "from their foundations, were floating in the ſea, "or lofty mountains were engaging with moun-"tains; with ſuch weight and violence do the men "preſs on from the ſhips fortified with towers. "Blazing tow, and fiery weapons, are ſpread on all "ſides. The fields of Neptune grow red with un-"uſual ſlaughter. The queen in the midſt calls her "troops to battle, with her country's ſiſtrum, nor as "yet perceives the ſnakes which purſue her cloſe be-

 "hind.

" hind. Monſtrous gods of all kinds, with the bark-
" ing Anubis, brandiſh their arms againſt Neptune,
" Venus, and Minerva. Mars, ſculptured in iron,
" rages in the midſt of the contention; and the furies
" ſtorm from the air. Diſcord, in her torn robe,
" ſtalks rejoicing, whom Bellona follows with her
" bloody whip."

This is a glorious picture in the poet, but has ſo many figures in it as to make it extremely difficult for a painter to draw. It muſt be in general a confuſed ſea-fight, and yet many of its parts muſt be diſtinct. The neareſt and principal figure of the piece ſhould, I think, be Cleopatra in her ſhip, eagerly ſtriking the ſiſtrum. The ſnakes may be twiſted in her veil behind, as it floats in the wind. The gods on each ſide muſt be among the ſhips. Neptune, Venus, and Minerva, on the ſide of Auguſtus; and Anubis, with his dog's head, and ſome of the other monſtrous gods of Ægypt, on the ſide of Cleopatra, all armed with ſpears, engaging, or ready to engage. Mars, Diſcord, and Bellona, muſt be in the centre,

and

and the furies above in the air. One ſhip at leaſt ſhould be diſtinguiſhed with towers, as Virgil has particularly mentioned them. If the painter ſhould want room, he might very well place Minerva and Venus on the tower of one of the ſhips, and Neptune in the front of the piece on the Roman ſide, juſt riſing from the waves, and brandiſhing his trident at the enemy.

15th compartment. The Defeat.

Actius hæc cernens, &c.] "The Actian Apollo be-
"holding theſe things, was bending his bow from
"on high; frighted at which, Ægypt and the In-
"dians, all the Arabians, and all the Sabæans, were
"turning their back in flight. The queen herſelf
"was ſeeming to give her ſails to the invoked winds,
"and eagerly letting out the looſened ropes. The
"god had drawn her amidſt the ſlaughter pale, as it
"were, with the forebodings of the death which
"threatened her, and borne along in her ſhip by the
"waves and wind. On the other ſide had he
"wrought the Nile with his vaſt body, mourning

"and

" and ſtretching out the folds of his garments, and " inviting the conquered into his ſea-green boſom, " and retired rivers."

This is another fine picture, very ſtrongly marked, and leſs crowded with figures than the former. Cleopatra is again the principal object, and ſhould be drawn in the middle of the piece in her ſhip, and in the attitude deſcribed above. On one ſide is Apollo on the promontory of Actium, with his bow drawn, and aiming at her in her flight: On the other ſide the river Nile (with his proper ſymbols, the ſphynx, &c.) ſtretching out his arms and garments to receive her. The reſt of the routed veſſels may be drawn behind, the people in them all eager for flight, and looking back with terror at the threatened vengeance of the god.

16th compartment. The Triumph.

At Cæſar triplici invectus, &c.] " Cæſar too, borne " through Rome in a triumph of three days, was " conſecrating an immortal vow to the gods of Italy,

" of

" of three hundred vaſt temples to be erected through
" the whole city. The ſtreets were reſounding with
" joy, and ſports, and applauſes. Altars and choirs
" of matrons in every temple; before the altars ſlain
" heifers ſtrewed the ground. He himſelf ſitting in
" the white porch of ſhining Phœbus, reviews the
" ſpoils of the ſeveral people, and fits them to the
" proud columns. The conquered nations march
" in long ranks, as various in their habits and arms,
" as in their language. Here Vulcan had wrought
" the race of the Nomades, and the unzoned Afri-
" cans: Here the Lelegæ, the Carians, and the qui-
" ver-bearing Geloni. Euphrates was there, now flow-
" ing with leſs ſwelling waters, and the Morini the
" remoteſt of mankind, and the double-horned Rhine,
" and the Dahæ unconquerable before, and the
" Araxes who diſdained a bridge."

The poet, in theſe concluding lines, has launched out a little farther than uſual, and mixed narration of his own with what he was deſcribing as repreſented on the ſhield; a liberty very allowable, but which muſt

muſt be attended to, if we would frame our picture with any unity of time or deſign. This being premiſed, I would take no notice of the three days triumph, but form the picture in the following manner: Cæſar, as the principal figure, ſhould be ſitting in the porch of Phœbus (which might appear on one ſide) with his people about him, fixing up the ſpoils of the conquered to the pillars of the temple. The vanquiſhed nations ſhould be paſſing, as deſcribed above, in the fore-ground of the picture: And though I know it was the cuſtom, in the Roman triumphs, to carry the figures of the conquered rivers, as well as thoſe of the deities of the countries, in vehicles or upon men's ſhoulders, yet as they would be loſt in a confuſed group, the painter might, I think, take the liberty of repreſenting the Euphrates, the Rhine, and the Araxes, as allegorical perſonages lying down at the bottom, and paying homage to their conqueror. Their ſeveral ſymbols ſhould mark out what they are; the horns of the Rhine are particularly mentioned by Virgil; the palm branch is the ſymbol of the Euphrates; and as the Araxes has not, that I know of,

any

any diſtinguiſhing mark, ſuppoſe, to keep up to his character of *pontem indignatus*, part of a broken bridge were to ſeem to ſupport him.

The reader muſt have obſerved, that, in order to avoid an interruption in the ſeries of the compartments, I left out ſome verſes, which the poet introduces between the ancient hiſtory and the fight at Actium; and which are as follow:

Hæc inter tumidi late, &c.] "In the midſt of theſe "the figure of a ſwelling ſea was flowing wide in "gold; but the deep was foaming with white waves, "and round were dolphins in bright ſilver, ſporting "in circles, and laſhing the billows with their tails, "and cutting the tide."

If it is neceſſary to expreſs this in any other manner, than as the ſea appears in the compartments which relate to this fight, I do not ſee how it can be better done, than by a zone which ſeparates the

twelve outer compartments from the four inner, and in which a kind of waves may be drawn, and a ſeries of dolphins ſporting in them.*

* The reader may find in the 27th vol. of the Mem. of the Academy of Inſcriptions, a Diſſertation, with plates, on the SHIELD of Virgil, as alſo on thoſe of Homer and Heſiod, read by the Comte de Caylus, March 30, 1756, a few years after this diſcourſe appeared. See 4to. edit. p. 21.

THE END.

ERRATA.

In the LIFE, &c.

Page 7. l. 19. For Leiceſterham, read *Leiceſterſhire*

—— 52. l. 7. For Stevens, read *Stephens*

—— 54. l. 13. Dele *it*

—— 63. l. 14. For a high, read *high a*

—— 88. Note. l. 1. Dele *it*

In the POEMS.

Page 11. l. 9. For well-bread, read *well-bred*

TO

GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS,

EARL OF JERSEY,

VISCOUNT VILLIERS OF DARTFORD,

AND BARON OF HOO.

AND

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT,

EARL, VISCOUNT,

AND

BARON HARCOURT OF STANTON-HARCOURT,

IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD,

AND VISCOUNT NUNEHAM

OF NUNEHAM-COURTENAY,

IN THE SAID COUNTY.

SONNET.

YE gen'rous pair, who held the POET dear,
Whoſe blameleſs life my friendly pen portrays,
Accept, with that combin'd, his lateſt lays,
Where ſtill young Fancy ſports in diction clear;
And may propitious Fate their merit bear
To times, when Taſte ſhall weave the wreaths of praiſe
By modes diſdain'd in theſe fantaſtic days;
Such wreaths as claſſic heads were proud to wear.
But if no future ear applauds his ſtrain,
If mine alike, to Lethe's lake deſcends,
Yet, while aloof, on Mem'ry's buoyant main,
The gale of Fame your genuine worth extends,
Still ſhall our names this fair diſtinction gain,
That VILLIERS and that HARCOURT call'd us friends.

YORK, Dec. 11, 1786. W. MASON.